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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

## APRIL 1915


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| Christ at Carnival | Muriel Stuart |
| The Old Books in War Time (ii) | Frederic Harrison |
| Two Welsh Studies | David Caradoc Evans |
| British Music (ii) | Joseph Holbrooke |
| Mudejar | R. B. Cunninghame Graham |


### THE WAR OF LIBERATION


| | |
|---|---|
| The Defence of Liège | Charles Bronne |
| Germanism in America | S. Perez Triana |
| Trench Life | By a Sub. |
| The War and Culture | Albert Rawlinson |
| England | Edward Thomas |
| Secrecy | Eden Phillpotts |
| Clearness and Pertinacity | Austin Harrison |
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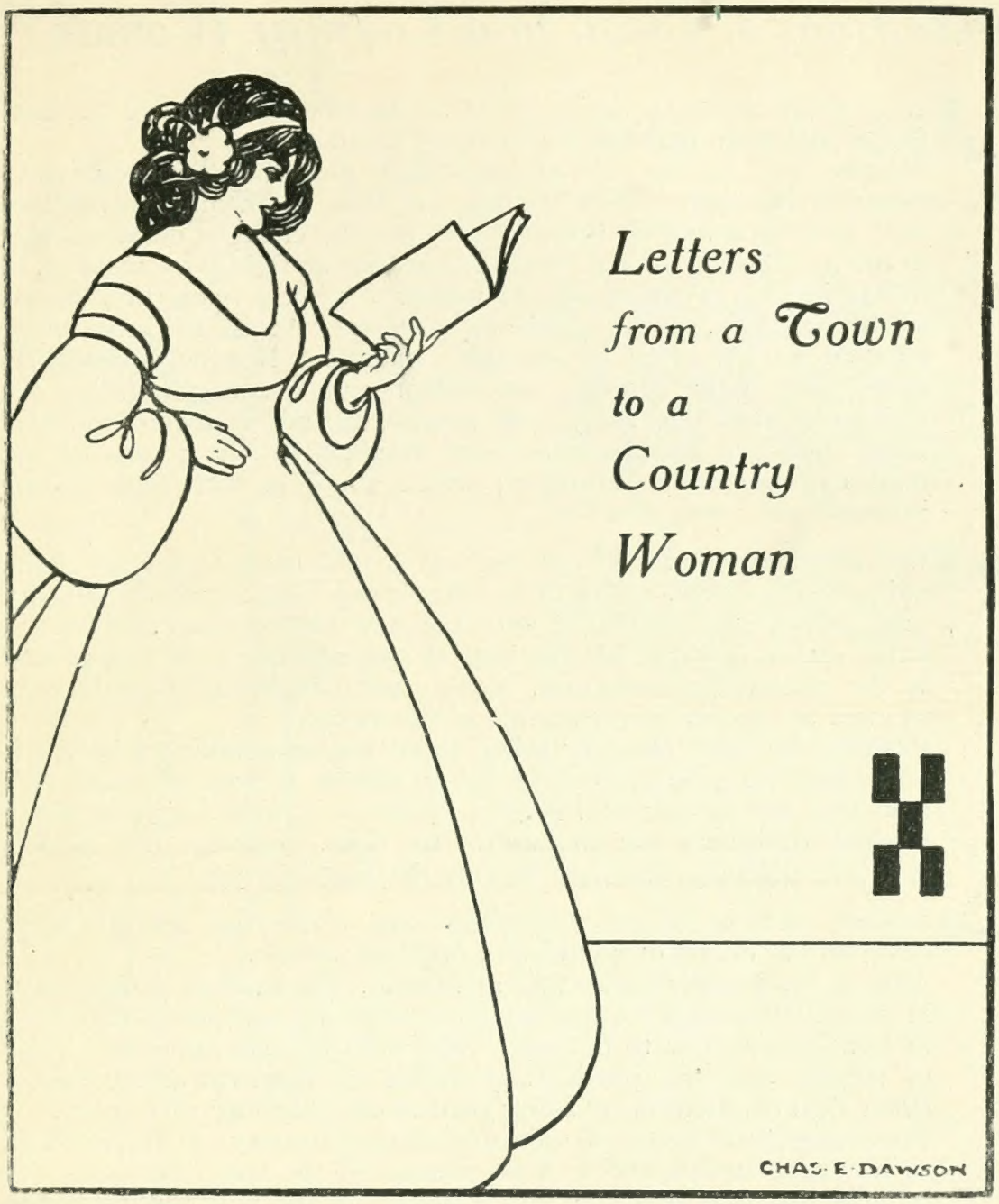


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# *Letters from a Town to a Country Woman*

**The World of Fashion**

¶ It is astonishing to notice what an enormous difference the last few weeks have made in the world of fashion.

Women who for the past six months or more have ignored everything in the way of new clothes, are now awakening to the fact that so drastic and so revolutionary are the changes demonstrated in the new Spring models that they cannot be lightly overlooked.

What is even a more serious matter for those who fain would study economy, every kind of garment seems to have been affected by the craze for complete change. Not only are skirts fuller and coats shorter, but indoor and evening *toilettes* are fashioned after the fussy and much-trimmed Victorian models; while millinery has likewise been affected by the return of the modes of the early 'seventies, which stand in such high favour just now.

**Complete Millinery Changes**

¶ One of the sensations of the moment is the return to favour of the old pork-pie model, a type of hat that is enjoying a great popularity and proves very becoming with the new close-fitting *coiffure*.

Other quaint and small-fitting hats of long ago have also reappeared in the most delightful guise, modernised and brought up to date to meet the special requirements of the moment.

Perhaps the most pleasing thing about the new millinery is that it possesses the great charm of being simple as well as smart, for now that the supply of Parisian models is limited, a great many English designers are coming to the fore, creating new models that are specially designed to suit the English type.

**The New Millinery Sets**

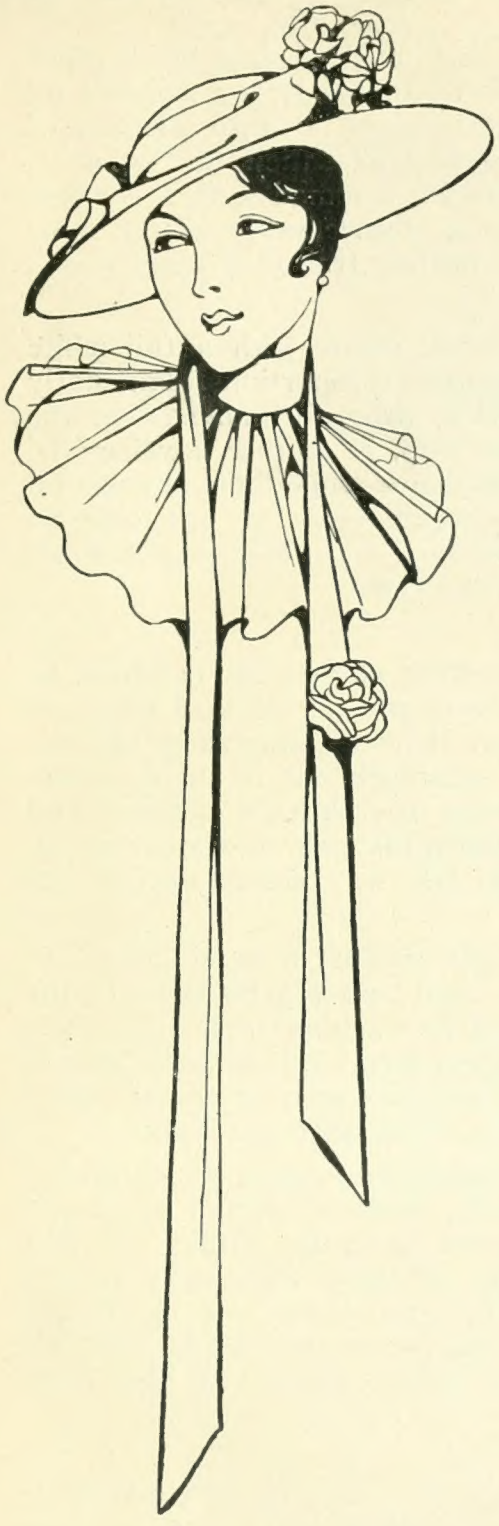
¶ Indeed, several of the big shops are employing special artist designers to create exclusive and original models.

This is particularly noticeable at Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove's, in whose showrooms quite the most beautiful and up-to-date hats in London are now to be seen. Not only is a special study made of shapes that are particularly suited to Englishwomen, but a great deal of attention is being paid to the blending of colours.

The designer attached to this firm makes frequent visits to Paris to buy new models and to keep abreast of the latest fashions. It is here that one sees the first example of the new millinery sets which are the fad of the fashionable world to-day.

These consist of a becoming hat, wide of brim and flat of crown, made of layers of a lovely shade of mole-coloured tulle trimmed with a flat bow of ribbon velvet of the same colour, and a knot of palest pastel-pink velvet flowers placed at one side. To wear with it is one of the new ruches made of long bands of the same ribbon velvet, from which depends a very light and rather full frill of the same coloured tulle, that droops towards the shoulder line.

The velvet band is worn tightly round the neck, caught at one side with a pale pink flower corresponding with the one that trims the hat. The effect is very picturesque and smart, and the new sets will be very generally worn this Spring. Already they are in high favour for bridesmaids' wear, as they are very dressy looking, but it is essential that the original design is carried out exactly, as the brim of the hat should be of a size that exactly balances the broad shoulder frill, which is one of the most becoming novelties that has made its appearance for some time past.



# A NOTE *by* GISÈLE

THE success of a toilette is made or marred by the choice of a hat. That is why we search so diligently for that rare thing—headgear that is both smart and becoming.

In Marshall's atelier I have found a considerable array of Paris models, hats of beautiful line, a wide variety of shapes, and some of the most original and delightful millinery ideas materialised.

The hat and collarette sketched are an instance, velvet and tulle the shade of a mauve viola and pink bridesmaid roses have gone to the making of this set—very successfully, I think.

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**SCARBOROUGH**
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**Delightful Millinery for the Middle Aged Woman**

¶ It is in these same showrooms that one comes across the most charming millinery for young girls in the form of smart little hats made of the palest French crêpe, trimmed with large black flower rosettes fashioned of satin, from the middle of which spring full black ospreys.

Little hats of quaint design are also fashioned of plain black glace or taffeta silk embroidered in chalk-white beads, or finished off with narrow ribbon streamers; while amongst a large selection of hats which will prove a delight to women past their first youth is a somewhat broad-brimmed sailor shape, trimmed with a conventional flower made of pale pink *rose du Barrie* velvet of the most becoming tint set in the front, and a narrow trail of Empire leaves encircling the top of the low crown.

A pork-pie hat made of very fine black straw with a full white or pale grey ostrich feather of generous proportions, laid flatly on the top of the crown and allowed to droop behind so that the tip can be fastened to the hair at one side, is another novel model particularly suited to a middle-aged woman—while there are several picturesque hats that show that upward curve at one side so becoming to women who, in the ordinary way, find it a difficult matter to find millinery that really suits them.

**New Designs in Children's Clothes**

¶ The changes in fashion are also affecting clothes for children, as all the newest designs for Summer wear show a decided tendency toward fuller skirts and styles that owe their origin to those affected by the grown-ups. At the leading establishment in town, where all that is newest and most picturesque in children's clothing first makes its appearance, one finds some quite new and ideal model frocks, which will undoubtedly lead the way where Spring and Summer fashions are concerned.

Several of these demonstrate how picturesque a combination of striped white and coloured French lawn and Harris linen of the same colouring can be when applied to washing frocks for little girls. In these dresses the heavy linen forms quaint tunic effects that, while being very picturesque, are eminently practical, while the dainty French lawn is used for an underskirt and bodice.

One also finds some new designs in kilted blue serge, which makes charming day frocks for present wear, while Liliputian coats and skirts are a great speciality, the same being beautifully cut and exquisitely tailored. A great many of these delightful models seem to owe their origin to the quaint clothes worn by the Dutch and Flemish peasants, and this new and picturesque mode promises to develop into the same vogue as that enjoyed by the Kate Greenaway styles.

**For Girls and Boys Only**

¶ Perhaps the whole secret of the success scored by this establishment lies in the fact that one finds nothing here save original models unobtainable anywhere else, all of which display a wonderful refinement of taste and a harmonious blending of colour; the great asset being that nothing but children's clothes are sold. Tailors and dressmakers employed here are specially trained in the art of fitting and making clothes for girls and boys only—for the boys' tailoring department is every whit as complete and as satisfactory as the side devoted to dresses, millinery, and *lingerie* for little girls.

School outfits are also a very great speciality—indeed, it is quite possible to dress either girls or boys exclusively at this shop from the time they are in the nursery until they leave school.

**Dressmaking for Present Needs**

¶ There is no ignoring the fact that one of the chief economies brought about by the war will be in the direction of dress, for with few social entertainments and little entertaining, a great many women will give up wearing expensive gowns and cease to patronise the ultra-expensive dressmaking establishments. The difficulty, however, is to find a dressmaker who, while she is cheap, is really smart and up-to-date and able to keep thoroughly abreast of West End styles.

Messrs. Hughes & Starnes are thoroughly to be recommended in this capacity, for although moderate in their charges they compete

*Taffeta Gown at 7½ Guineas, made by Hughes & Starnes, 63, South Molton St., Bond St., W.*

with the very foremost dressmaking establishments, and can be trusted to turn out excellently made day and evening gowns, tailored costumes, tea gowns, and evening cloaks.

Not only is their cut exceptionally smart, but all their work is thoroughly well done and their materials of the very best. At the present time they are specialising in delightful Spring costumes for indoor and outdoor wear at a very moderate price, while they are quite ready to undertake renovations and the alteration of day and evening gowns, which they carry out in the most artistic and highly satisfactory manner possible.

**The Vogue for Lace**

¶ One of the greatest features of dress this season will be the enormous amount of Belgian and Flemish lace which will be worn both for day and for evening gowns. This will be partly due to the fact that lace is particularly adaptable and necessary to the new styles, and partly because so many people are anxious to do all that lies within their power to help the distressed Belgian lace-workers who have fled to London with their precious stocks of lace, hoping to find a market here.

One big all-British firm, which since the war began has bought very largely from the Belgian lace-workers, has a truly wonderful stock of these beautiful laces, which are being sold for trimming the new Spring and Summer frocks and for making evening *toilettes*. From a connoisseur's point of view an inspection of these wares is intensely interesting, while the fact that they are being sold at prices that will never again be so low, makes them an exceedingly profitable investment. A special sale being held this month.

At this same establishment one also finds the most beautiful embroideries for making children's frocks, babies' outfits, or Summer washing frocks; some of the new flouncings for the latter being especially beautiful and very moderate as regards price.

For those who go in for making *lingerie* at home, or for home dressmaking in any form, this firm have compiled the most complete book of patterns, wherein one can find samples of every conceivable width of lace, embroidery, insertions, veinings, and beadings that the amateur needlewoman can wish to see; while a fully illustrated catalogue of all the newest designs will be sent post free to all who apply for the same.

**The New Belts**

¶ Etceteras of dress count for so much nowadays that one is always on the outlook for novelties, which make so great a difference to the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman of fashion.

Amongst the foremost of these are some delightful new belts made of striped Turkish towelling, carried out in rich Oriental colouring and fashioned with large, brilliantly coloured buckles.

These belts are used for wear with the new sports coats, or they make a charming addition to washing linen and cotton frocks; while many women wear them loosely buckled, somewhat after the fashion of a girdle over the new loose-fitting coats.

**The Prettiest Spring Blouses**

¶ Although there are all manner of new designs in blouses this Spring, owing to the fact that these ever popular garments are once more undergoing a radical change, nothing promises to be more popular than those made of thin *Crêpe de Chine,* embossed with a delicate silk design, which is very dressy looking and very becoming. The new *broché crêpe* blouses, which are to be had in several delicate shades of colour, are made with upstanding collars and open necks, and they have the advantage of being fashioned in such a manner that while they are dressy enough to be suitable for afternoon wear, they are not too elaborate to be worn with an ordinary coat and skirt. Sold at a low price, this particular type of blouse is sure to appeal to a great many women, as it constitutes one of those real bargains that should not be lightly overlooked.

**A New Spring Coat**

¶ Although the short bolero coat seems to be universally adopted as regards Spring tailor-made costumes, the long-skirted and deep-banded coat, which has proved so becoming to numerous wearers, is by no means a thing of the past.

This month it makes its reappearance carried out in rich silk *moiré,* and in this guise it makes the most delightful overcoat for slipping over a light Spring dress or a thin coat and skirt.

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A great feature of this new coat is its lightness, for it forms an ideal covering for the present time of the year, when it is getting too warm to wear fur coats and heavy Winter wraps; what is more, it is very smart as regards cut, and anything but expensive.

**A New Way of Wearing a Watch**

¶ Amongst the many Victorian fashions that have lately been revived one comes across the charming idea of wearing a strap of black ribbon tied round the wrist, a device much used by our grandmothers, who found that the simple device of wearing a black wristband did much to draw attention to a well-shaped hand. This old fashion has now been revived and brought up to date in the most practical manner by the Parisian Diamond Company, who have designed a very charming new shaped wrist-watch with a curious long-shaped dial, which is worn attached to a narrow black *moiré* or black velvet wrist-band. The fact that the dial is surrounded by minute Parisian brilliants adds considerably to the decorative value of the new ornament, which is priced at so low a figure that it comes well within the reach of all buyers.

**Flowers by Telegraph**

¶ Society has discovered a new and original Easter gift. This is a flowergram—the latest and most up-to-date novelty originated by the Floral Depôt of 47 Baker Street, who, on receipt of a telephone message or wire giving the name and address of the recipient, dispatches a dainty floral offering timed to arrive in the pink of condition at any specified hour. The sender has no need to select his offering personally, as the flowergrams sent from this establishment are arranged with the same grace and artistic skill, the same harmonious blending of colours, the same *chic* that characterises the best Parisian flower shops. Needless to say, the new flowergrams stand high in favour as birthday, wedding, and christening gifts, and they are being lavishly bestowed upon fashionable invalids this season.

Sometimes they take the form of a dainty bouquet or hamper of cut blossoms; in other instances they are represented by ornamental baskets and pots of growing bulbs, a snow-white hydrangea showing a mass of heavy-headed blossom, or a dainty two-foot-high wistaria, the branches of which are weighted with clusters of drooping creamy flowers, or else miniature growing trees of brilliant rhododendrons.

Beautiful rambler roses, grown especially for drawing-room decoration, shaped like an open parasol, a balloon, or trained to climb luxuriantly over miniature rustic arches, are also procurable here at extraordinarily low prices.

**Beautiful Belgian Pottery**

¶ In this same floral showroom, where one finds the best and biggest display of flowers in town, one also comes across the beautiful new Belgian pottery that has taken artistic London by storm. Everyone is using this lovely ware for holding growing plants, cut blooms, flowers for table decoration, palms and ferns, etc. Very inexpensive, yet particularly picturesque, this takes the form of bowls and vases of rich cream pottery encased in a mesh of real rustic cane-work with a hoop handle of the same. This outside mesh is not unlike the familiar network encircling a ginger-jar, only it is far finer and more artistically applied; while outside each vase runs a deep ornamental band of raised Parma violets carried out in a lovely and realistic shade of pale mauve. The effect is particularly beautiful and very novel, the ware (illustrations of which can be had on application) lending itself in a wonderful manner to the artistic arrangement of every kind of cut flowers and growing plants.

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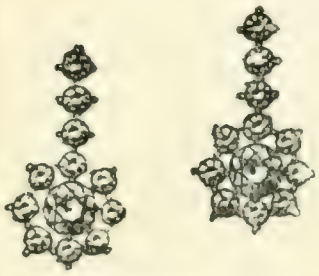

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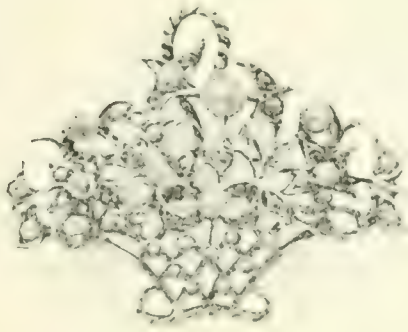

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¶ The universal demand for cigarettes to be sent out to the troops both at home and abroad has made the choice of a present for a soldier a particularly easy matter.

The only difficulty that assails so many women who do not smoke themselves is that of deciding which brand is best to select. At the present moment the "Clifford" cigarette is certainly first in favour. Indeed, so popular are these cigarettes that the makers are specialising in a "Service Cigarette," which is made of a blend of choice tobacco, producing a particularly fine flavour with that delicate aroma so greatly appreciated by cigarette smokers. These service cigarettes, which are not expensive, will be sold for **ten per cent. discount** to anyone ordering them for any member of the Army or Navy at home or abroad.

Not only are these cigarettes highly appreciated by both officers and men alike, but they are particularly acceptable for the wounded men in the various military or private hospitals.

The same firm also makes a very delicious lady's cigarette, known as the "Cordon Bleu." Small of size, mild and fragrant, besides being a great favourite with lady smokers, these cigarettes are also being sent in large quantities to the various hospitals.

**Reliable Life Insurance**

¶ It is seldom that companies err on the side of over caution in appraising their worth, but here is an instance where it has been done. The assets of "The Sun Life of Canada" twelve months ago were returned by that office as amounting to £11,450,776. These figures have since been proved by independent official experience to be very much under the mark. The Committee of the Insurance Department of Michigan, and officials of the Assurance Department of the State of New York, in the course of a searching examination of the condition of the Company, valued the assets at £1,103,440 more than the sum claimed by the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, whose London Offices are in Norfolk Street, Strand. The progress of this Company during 1914 has been remarkable. On the same conservative basis as before, assets are now returned as £12,862,000. It is safe to assume, however, that on the valuation basis adopted by the officials referred to the present assets of the Company cannot be a penny less than £14,000,000.

**The Beauty of the New Fashions**

¶ Any prejudice that may exist concerning the new modes with their revolutionary styles and the suggestion of the fashions that our grandmothers wore, must quickly vanish at the first glance of the delightful model gowns designed by Madame Paquin for day and evening wear, which are now to be seen at her famous showrooms in Dover Street.

Where Madame Paquin scores so great a success, where so many others have made a hopeless failure, is that her models show no experimental designs. For eighteen months or more she has discarded the old-fashioned tight skirts, and little by little the picturesque full-skirted toilettes that are taking London by storm to-day have been evolved, until every suggestion of fiendish eccentricity has been eliminated, and the most picturesque and beautiful dresses that have been shown for five years or so are the result.

**Day Models**

¶ Fine blue serge and dark blue taffeta are prominent fabrics used for making the smart cassock-like dresses with compact pleated skirts and the daintiest lawn vests with high collars cut to show an open square at the throat. These are worn with a military-looking shell-coat or bolero, and are quite fascinating, making everything else appear hopelessly old-fashioned and very out of date. Braiding is lavishly used for these costumes, as well as some very new and exquisite embroidery showing the colours of the allied armies.

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**Evening Dresses**

¶ Evening dresses and smart restaurant frocks are even more dainty and charming; net is lavishly used in their manufacture, black being very conspicuous, while jewelled sash belts set slantwise across the hips are another novelty. Broad ribbon velvet mingled with the net overdresses suggest a quite new three-flounce effect; while lavish gold trimmings under a veiling of net are the feature of the moment. The hats at these showrooms are equally up-to-date, and, what is more, neither the millinery nor the dresses are extravagantly priced.

**Chintzes Copied from Museum Tapestries**

¶ So many inquiries have come to hand regarding advice concerning new ideas in chintzes and cretonnes suitable for making loose covers, that one realises that many housekeepers are already busy making preparations for Spring cleaning and household renovations.

Quite the newest and most charming of all the new patterns are some delightful wide-width cretonnes that have had their designs copied from old tapestries in the South Kensington Museum.

In each of these the original soft colouring is faithfully reproduced, while the patterns selected, although very bold and effective, have been chosen with a view to cutting with little or no waste.

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# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

*CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH NUMBER*


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| 1. MURIEL STUART | Christ at Carnival | 1 |
| 2. FREDERIC HARRISON | The Old Books in War Time (ii) | 13 |
| 3. DAVID CARADOC EVANS | Two Welsh Studies | 25 |
| 4. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE | British Music (ii) | 37 |
| 5. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM | Mudejar | 45 |


[*Contents continued on page* xix.

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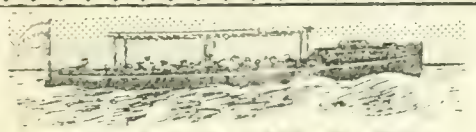
*CONTENTS (continued)*

## THE WAR OF LIBERATION


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| 6. CHARLES BRONNE | The Defence of Liège | 50 |
| 7. S. PEREZ TRIANA | Germanism in America | 66 |
| 8. BY A SUB. | Trench Life | 71 |
| 9. ALBERT RAWLINSON | The War and Culture | 77 |
| 10. EDWARD THOMAS | England | 88 |
| 11. EDEN PHILLPOTTS | Secrecy | 100 |
| 12. AUSTIN HARRISON | Clearness and Pertinacity | 104 |
| 13. L. CECIL JANE | Who Killed Francis Ferdinand? | 114 |
| 14. EMILE CAMMAERTS | Pâques en Belgique | 120 |
| 15. BOOKS | | 122 |





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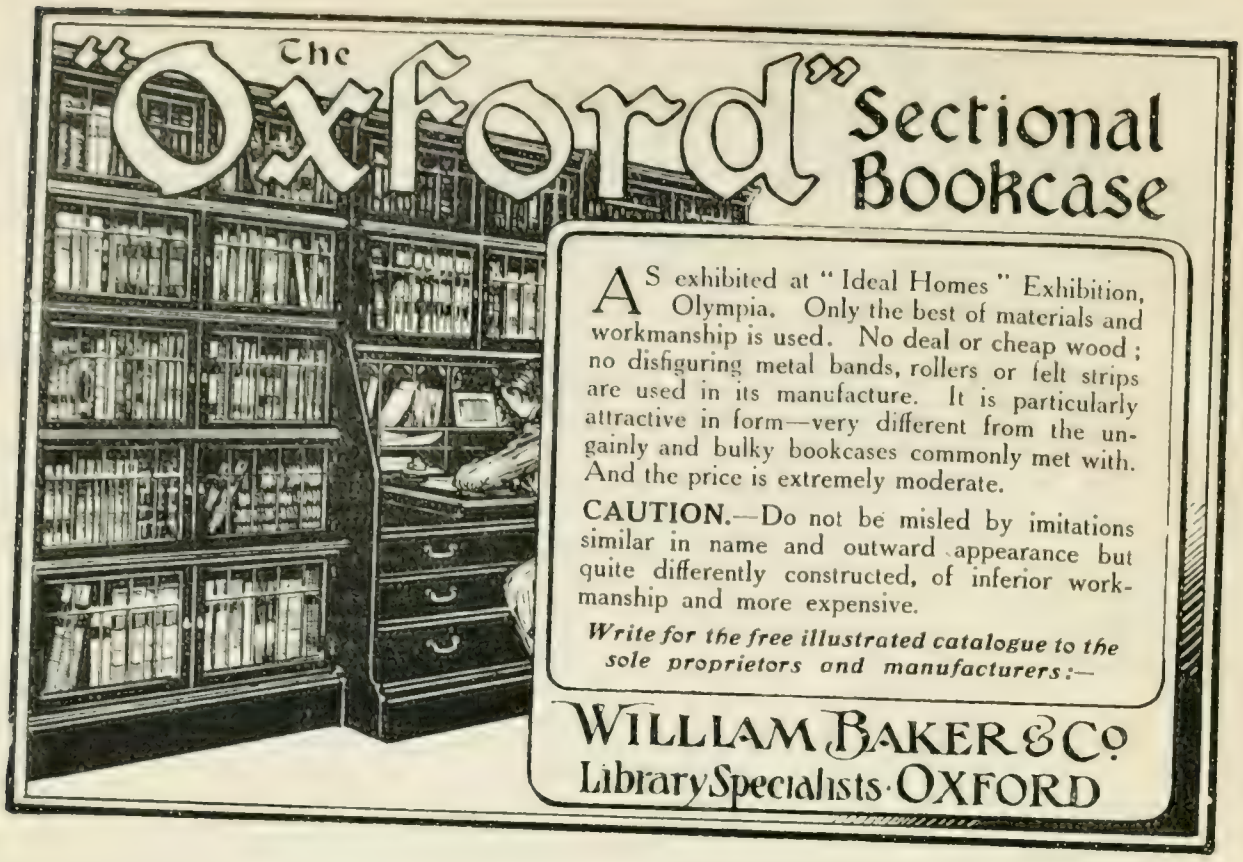

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL, 1915

# Christ at Carnival

By Muriel Stuart

THE hand of Carnival was at my door,
I listened to its knocking, and sped down:
Faith was forgotten, Duty led no more:
I heard a wanton revelry in the town;
The Carnival ran in my veins like fire!
And some unfrustrable desire
Goaded me on to catch the roses thrown
From breast to breast, and with my own
Fugitive kiss to snatch the fugitive kiss;
I broke all faith for this
One wild and worthless hour,
To dance, to run, to beckon, as a flower
Maddens the bee with half-surrendering,
Then flies back in the air with petals shut.

Fainting with laughter and pursuit
I heard shrill winds leap out and fall again,
Tracking the green bed where the Spring hath lain,
And vanished from, whose feet made audible
Music among the tall trees on the hill.
Above me leaned a nightingale
Burdened and big with song, whose throat let fall
Long notes, so poignant and so musical,
I deemed his young mate, listening,
Heard him less passionately sing
Than I a-foot to Carnival!

Above the town, swart Night came rolling in
Upon her couch of heliotrope:
A new Moon, young and thin,
Lay like a Columbine
Teasing the spent hill, her old Harlequin;
She, who of late waned on a bitter sky,
Furtive and old, a woman without hope,
Begging in long-familiar streets, where Sin
Once seeking her, now shuddered and went by.

Caught in the meshes of a merry throng,
I stumbled through the lighted Market Place;
The lanterns swung an undetermined rose
In Night's convulsive face
As we were swept along
In crazy dance and song,
On through the mirth-mad alleys of the town,
With shrill loud laughter tumbled roughly down,
Whirled up in swift embrace.
Ail, all went swinging, swaying in the revel,
Laughing and reeling, kissing each and all,—
A crowd that wildest jesting did dishevel—
O mad night of Carnival!

Racing along the last mean street that goes
From house to house to find the mountain track,
I loosed their hands to catch a rose
Flung from some casement; swiftly they turned back
With gusty laughter their wild mates to greet,
Swift as the footless wind along the wheat!
Fainter and fainter grew their revelling,
Deserted of a sudden lay the street,
Silence fell on me like a famished thing,
Making my soul aware of one who stood
Beside me,—one who wore a monkish hood.
I stared, as one who sees
Beneath the thin and settled sheet
Over still mysteries,
Faint outline of belovéd hands and feet,
Too little loved and now too dead to care,
And suddenly becomes aware
That more than Death lies there,

That from this piteous and submissive change
Something has risen, terrible and strange.

Why fell my roses? What fear drove me, then,
To question him: "Who art thou, Citizen?
Fainter and fainter grows the Carnival.
Wilt thou lock hands and turn with me again?"
He answered not, but let the hood half-fall,
Showing a thorn-plait on a forehead marred;
Trembling I cried: "Who art thou, Lord?"
"As thou sayest, I am He!
How long upon My cross am I to bleed
For thee still to deny me utterly?
Is not the hour yet come that I be freed?
How long am I to listen at thy door?"

Stricken in soul, I fell against His feet,
In rose-disordered street,
Weeping: "I have not heard Thy foot before."
He answered: "He who hears
Loud noise of Carnival about his ears,
How shall he heed the foot with silence shod,
Or listen for the small still voice of God?
What is thy life?
Is thy sword stained in any splendid strife?
Hast thou, in all thy safe, unshaken years,
Once thrown thyself upon Night's ambushed spears,
Or broken with thy tears
Thy heart against the Dawn's feet any day?
Hast thou spurned
Any earthly perishable sweet thing
To bear another's burden? Hast thou learned
At any knee but Folly's, trafficking
With every swift delight that said thee 'Yea'?
Oft hast thou goaded men to kiss thy mouth,
The flower of thy youth
Thou hast rendered up to any wind that's fleet,
But hast thou ever hastened to the Cross
To kiss My saving feet?"

"Thou knowest, Lord, Thou knowest, I have not striven,
I made life easy, profitable, sweet;

I have not loved much or been much forgiven;
Of all a woman's vows the holiest—
To children that were posies at my breast—
I have forsworn, to-night, forsaking all
The ways of God to dance at Carnival.
What have I now to offer Thee Who deignest
To seek for grape on such unfruitful vine;
Who with such sinful head Thy bosom stainest?"
He said: "The last allegiance will be Mine,
Leave all and follow Me."

"Nay, but my little children sleep at home
Beside their father, I would say good-bye."
He answered, "Was there any time for Me
To make My farewells in Gethsemane,
Or any lips to take last kisses from?
Knowest thou not that I can satisfy
All creatures I make Mine, shall I not be
Thy priest, blessing for thee the common bread,
Till the white flesh divine
Quicken against thy lip, and hallowéd,
The blood beat through the wine?
I would have all thou hast,
Be all thou art,
I would claim all thy present, future, past,
For my despiséd heart;
For Me thou shalt all other creatures hate,
My seven wounds thou shalt assuage
With mouth inviolate."

"O pardoning love," I wept, "O love divine,
That such as Thou should'st ask of such!
I am Thine, all Thine,
Casting here at Thy feet, despiséd Thou,
All other loves that used to mean so much,
All other hopes that mean so little now."

From a side-alley dumb to revelry,
Came the low sound of weeping, then my name:
A beggar came
Out of the heaving dark and spake to me:
"How knowest thou Christ?" I answered: "By the thorn";
"Nay, but the thorn tree grows in every wood

For any brow forsworn!"
The other whispered: "Thou art tempted here
For My sake," but the beggar's voice came fleet
As pain; "Three crosses did that hillside bear,
Not Christ alone hath wounded hands and feet;
Dost thou believe
That every pierced hand stretched to thee is Christ?
Shall not some thief impenitent deceive,
At some strange shrine wilt thou be sacrificed?"
The other whispered: "Shall thy faith be led
So soon a traitor, child? For such as he
Trample Me every day." The beggar said:
"Nay, wast Thou spit upon in Galilee?"

Wildly I cried: "Oh, from this hallowed street
Go thy way beggar, take thine apostate feet
From this poor temple on whose pinnacle
Christ in His love doth not disdain to dwell,
Who doth confer
Glory on things inglorious, nor doth shun,
But bids an angel to Him minister,
Albeit a fallen one;
And if thou can'st not pray,
Leave me my prayer at least and go thy way!"

Swift were Christ's feet the mountain road along;
As swift as they my soul beside them fled,
Keeping fleet measure to the strong
Unshatterable music of His words,
That in my hard heart made
Exquisite wounds that sang the while they bled,
Like little taméd birds;
"O Holy One, I break here at Thy feet
The perfume of my soul like Magdalen's sweet
Spilled ointment. Knewest Thou who gatheréd
Those holy spices? What dishevelled night,
What lust, profaning every temple-rite
To toss the gold of her sweet shameless head,
Had eased from priestly hands the spikenard
That made her soiled garments smell of God?
Thou did'st accept that sweetness when she kneeled
That holy myrrh spilled from the soul and shard!

Nor did'st disdain by her to be unshod,
Nay, Thy world-wounded feet her tresses healed.
So here I gather sweets of all my life,
Treasure for which sin waged unworthy strife,
Holding as one who guilty pleasure wins—
Yea, even all my sins, my little sins—
My loves and penitences, foes no more
At strife with Thee for me. Oh, bid me pour
My spirit's perfume! I have wept and kissed
Those feet grown weary following what men
Caught up so easily; upon this brow
Be shed the glory of Love's pardon now,
As once the tresses of a Magdalen
Became an aureole at the feet of Christ!"

Only the silence shook as we went on;
Soon the last watching window-light was gone;
No least star gleamed,
And trembling-still it seemed,
As if the mountain held its breath
For fear that it should weep;
A stopped stream smelled of Death;
The moon was out, blown by God's breath asleep;
The heavens turned
Plunging and livid, choked with thunder-spume,
Black driven clouds beneath whose eyelids burned
A dreadful light, rushed forward in the gloom;
There was no wind, but something seemed to stir
In the thin grass, as if unquiet head
On sleepless pillow moved—a listener
To hideous word unsaid; until at last
The narrow track was passed.
Below us empty and wide,
The world was flung; the hill-top shivered bare,
While fretful lightning dug a vicious spear
Into her sweating side
As she flinched, blind and stark . . .
A thin hail ravened against the door of dark.

Against His feet I trembled, but no word
Of peace or pity heard;
The darkness shook as a dry leaf about,

The world seemed to go out
With a great groan along the sea . . .
Silence . . . then words to me . . .
"Child, what is it thou fear'st?"
I stared up: Oh strange words that did implore! . . .
His brow was no more wounded, and no more
Were the hands, still outstretched towards me, pierced.

"Lord, with this vision art Thou tempting me,
To show how poor a thing my worship is?
Yet oh be Christ, be Christ! I have for Thee
Forsaken all my loved, my lovely ones,
As a wild stream breaks from maternal hill,
Escaping the sweet fingers of the sedge
Whose stinging hair doth all his bosom fill,
Listens to some great voice far off, and runs
To find the sea, the calling, crying sea . . .
I ran to Thee!"
Then I heard human accents answering:
"I am a god, made god by all thy prayers;
Each stone becomes a god by worshipping;
I am a man who loves thee: in thy town
Many have loved thee, I am one of these."

At those few words of horror Faith fell down,
Yet scarcely understood such blasphemies;
"What did'st thou need?" I wept, still at his feet;
"Thyself, thou lovely thing!"
"Dost thou yet love me as Christ loves albeit
Thou art not He—some message thou dost bring?"
"Nay, but I love thee as a night of Spring!
I saw thee dance to-night at Carnival,
I saw thee laugh and spurn thy lovers all,
And dreamed, 'No man's desire she will heed,
Her lips are oversworn and over-kissed,
But she will surely list
If God but seem to speak, will list indeed.
I will not weave, as other lovers weave,
Her garlands, she shall find, and grieve
For one last thorn found tangled in my hair;
She shall forsake the world, she shall forswear,
Gather the honey of her being sweet

Into a vase of prayer
To break here at my feet.'
Since at the Carnival all men may wear
What guise they will, I chose the holiest;
Yea, when thy voice persuaded, 'Turn again,'
I dreamed to woo thee—not as other men.
What faith had'st thou in any reveller?
It seemed thy soul was brimmed for God to stir.
Delight was impotent, and joy was old.
Of Christ I made a travesty of sin,
Thy loveliness to win—
To run my miser fingers through the gold,
The shuddering sweetness of thy rebel hair,
To sense the conflict of refusing lips,
The slow surrender from thy finger-tips
Till thou wert all mine, utterly possessed,
Mine as the Moon
Is captive on the night's triumphant breast,
Mine as May's burning bowl is full of June!"

I shrank away, the thin words fell like blood
From my torn lips, I shuddered where I stood,
Muttering: "Christ may come in stranger's guise
To poor men's houses, may go humbly shod,
Begging for broken meats, nor shall despise
Those who give thus, knowing the cloak hides God.
But I and all my soul are sacrificed
To a thief that hath put on the garb of Christ.
Oh at sin's feet to break my spirit's vase!
Oh that I dreamed His breast to lie upon,
Amid the curls of Christ like happy John,
Hearing God's heart beat; oh to feel the stars
Streaming to meet me; to have compassed all,
Reached, overtaken, passed Eternity,
In one hour's glory, then to fall
To Hell, with such as thee!
Ah God, that Thou could'st let such horror be,
Could'st let that veritable image HE—
Travesty of Thy Son,
Tear my weak soul in tatters; yea, that Thou
Could'st lead Sin by Thy hand and by Thy brow
To Thy poor foolish helpless little one!"

Then horror laid her hands on me—I fled:
It seemed the world-end could not be too far
For such a fugitive,
Nor ramparts of the outer darkness give
Shelter for such a head.
The hideous night, with lips of a lazar,
With a shrill scream pursued,
Till Dawn in seamless sky a tatter rent
That oozed long lines of blood,
Smearing the grey breast of the firmament . . .
The whole world closed upon me, o'er my face
Flinging an inescapable black hood.

As one half-drowned, may feel above his head,
(After all sense of dread,
And desperate fight for breath have died away),
The heavy waters part, and sound and space
And cold sky star about him, which make melt
Green water-worlds into familiar day,
The light came groping to me, and I felt
The morning on my brow, while over me
An unaccustomed face leaned patiently,
Until it grew to be
The beggar I had scorned at Carnival.
"O Child," the voice of pity spake, "for all
Thy faith, Christ was not in those hands—that brow."
"Nay, a thief took my soul, but comest thou,
Beggar, to taunt me, as I taunted thee?"

"I come to none to chide or spurn:
I come to plead with thee that thou return
To thy forsaken Christ, rebellious one,
God long hath sat beside thee in the sun,
Thou knowing not." I said: "If thou be He,
Trouble me not, I have nought left to give;
I am drained utterly
Of faith and worship. Can these dead bones live?
What rose shall spread wing from this stricken tree?
All, all is waste and scattered to the wind,
All, all is dead and strangled in the dust!
And no dew lies
In the dead Morning's eyes;

The sheeted Moon unsepulchred is thrust
On the bare Night, another tomb to find!
Earth, heaven, have passed away."
"These are built up again." "But not for me."
He answered: "Yea,
Even for such as thou; Oh seek and find!
Go back, thou hast two children in thy house;
Breaking thy holy vows
Did'st think to find thy God in mummeries,
Finding it not with whom Christ said: 'Of these'?
A child is but a shell upon Life's shore,
Fragile, rose-kissed, yet holding for thine ears
Raging of seas, and roaring of the spheres.
Thou hadst no need too heavenward to look up,
Thou discontented soul.
Behold Christ's milky mouth in the china cup,
Christ's hand that tips the blue-rimmed porridge bowl!"

"Ah Lord, can such as I return
To the grey paths of peace, re-live, re-learn?
How can I feel my children's hands like flowers,
About my face? Assign me grimmer hours,
Not the familiar stair, the to and fro
Of duties slow,
The little, dreadful paths of every day!"

"Am I not broken in the commonest bread,
And spilled in the unconsecrated wine?
Is not each man who loves, a priest,
Albeit men lock me in a sunless shrine,
Spreading a special feast?
Yet am I outside in the lilac-tree,
Beneath their feet, around them everywhere.
Thou can'st not chain Christ to a chapel-bell,
From brothels thinkest thou I hear no prayer?
Doth not the choking gutter sing Me well?
Is not the whole sweet world my Sanctuary?
Do they despise My feet, who do but lave
The feet of strangers, in their bosoms nursed?
Am I not fed on orphans' lips, My thirst
Quenched in the beggar's platter? They who save
One ship-wrecked soul, or seek some heart forgot,

Are Mine and love Me, though they know it not.
They are too noble for escape of Me:
Their lives more sing Me than a thousand psalms!
They thrust aside My Everlasting Arms,
Yet they are still beneath them—them and thee.

"What need hast thou of vows?
Go back; thou hast two children in thy house."

I went by wood and waste toward the town:
The whole world lay, a quiet emerald
Set in a golden ring
Upon God's finger, against His bosom thralled;
Elusive airs were blown
On elfin horns of Spring;
Through the thin mist pale hawthorn trees peered out
Like a dim, sick face from its frilled cap
Upon infirmary pillow, turned about—
Caught creature in some vast, predestined trap.
But with each step I took, the morning grew
Gayer and younger, a full-throated thrush
Woke, and from hidden bush
Dimpled a note or two,
Set the wood's side a-shake, as if it knew
Answer to impudent jest; already bees
Sought the dell's bosom all a-heave with blue,
And girdled with the goldenest primroses.
From every fold
The young lambs' cough came softly down the lane;
The cuckoo told
His first few notes—as miser tells his gold,
And counted them again.
I passed along the unchanged, quiet street,
At my own door unlatched, I entered in
Upon an atmosphere that seemed too sweet
For me and all my sin.

I felt no agony of hope or loss,
Treading the old paths that beside me lay;
For me no one great lifting on the Cross,
But small, slow crucifixions every day.

I brought no prayers, I made no conscious vows,
And though it seemed God never could confer
Duty so simple, such a humble faith,
And that no further life my soul could stir,
I went back, meekly, trusting what He saith:
"Go back, thou hast two children in thy house."

# The Old Books in War-time (ii)

## Virgil in English Verse

### By Frederic Harrison

In the March number of this Review I was discussing how one could keep the mind fresh, calm, and cheerful in these days of wrath and strife by shutting out the stormy world for a time and turning back in spirit to the great poetry of the past. Each of us can find for himself what is the kind of book which most easily brings relief—be it *Psalms* or *Imitation*, *Hamlet*, *The Excursion*, *The Antiquary*, or *Tom Jones*. For my own part, I have been turning mainly to the Latin poets, and especially to Virgil and the *Aeneid*. In the former essay I tried to show good reasons for holding that Professor Conington's very popular verse translation of the *Aeneid*, with all its ingenuity and its spirit, utterly fails to represent Virgil's dignity and solemn charm; first, because the short ballad metre can have no such quality; secondly, because rhyme embarrasses the writer and often irritates the reader. William Morris's translation, in long, fourteen-syllable rhymed lines, fails again for the double defect of rhyme and long lines, with the further fault that the mighty epic of Rome is transposed into the ballad swing, appropriate enough for a Scandinavian myth. Lord Bowen's fine attempt in rhymed hexameters cut short failed again by three defects: rhyme, elongated lines, and impossible dactyls. In short, what these eminent scholars have done, with all their learning, their skill, and their toil, is to prove that for a poetic version of the *Aeneid* long lines, short lines, dactyls, trochees, rhyme, and couplets are all fatal. As to Dryden, he is neither translator, nor classical, nor epic—much less Virgilian: he is always himself, the inexhaustible King of Restoration letters. The conclusion is, that a verse translation of the *Aeneid* must be in the stately involuted blank verse of *Paradise Lost* and of *The*

*Excursion*, *i.e.*, iambic metre of ten syllables, without rhyme, without archaisms, without cryptic novelties.

I now desire to analyse two highly successful attempts to give us the *Aeneid* in this, the only possible form, which come as near to solving the problem as we are like to get in this generation. I still regard the problem of a verse translation of the *Aeneid*, which, sticking word for word to Virgil's text, shall convey something of his subtle rhythm and his haunting melody, to be strictly insoluble, even to the highest linguistic and poetic gifts. And that for at least two insuperable difficulties. The first is, that Virgil's hexameter consists normally of sixteen or sometimes seventeen syllables—never can be less than thirteen syllables—whereas the English blank verse pentameter is strictly limited to ten syllables and can rarely exceed eleven. Hence the Latin line is, in syllables, one-third longer than the English line. Why not, it may be said, resort to a longer line in English? The reason is that for purposes of verse metrical syllables are formed only by the vowels; and consequently, as in our language the consonants are at least one-third more numerous than in Latin, an English line of ten syllables will have as many letters as a Latin line of sixteen syllables, and will bulk as large, or even larger, both to the eye and to the ear :—

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris

is a line with fifteen syllables, thirty-six letters, and eight words.

Arms and the Man I sing, who first from Troy,

is a line with ten syllables in ten words, almost as many letters as the Latin. And yet, with one-third fewer syllables, it has more words—for whilst the Latin line has only two monosyllabic words, the English equivalent has no less than ten monosyllabic words, *i.e.*, the line is entirely composed of monosyllables. But this is to lose the musical and sonorous effect of Virgil's trisyllable and quadrisyllable words. That is to say, our language, with its superabundance of monosyllables and of consonants, cannot compete with the majestic roll of the polysyllabic Latin, or with the melodies of a language so rich in vowels as Latin or Greek. Besides which, our words, choked as they are with consonants that do not count rhythmically, fill up

a line of ten syllables and five feet as completely as a line of sixteen syllables and six feet—and the English line of five feet looks in print and sounds in speech as long and as full as the Latin line of six feet. The English line above, closely and literally rendered in the shortest words we have, does not find room to get in *oris*. If it ran :—

Arms and the Man I sing, who first from Trojan shores,

the line of six feet, twelve syllables, and thirty-six letters would be, at least for a long epic, clumsy and unmanageable. That is the first of the translator's difficulties. It is almost impossible to put exactly Virgil's line of sixteen syllables into an English line of ten syllables, even if all ten are monosyllable words. To use two short lines to Virgil's one ruins the rhythm : yet an English line of the same number of syllables as his is cumbrous and tiresome.

The next difficulty is that Latin, having case endings, genders, innumerable declensions, no articles, and few prepositions or other auxiliaries, can express in three words what in English needs six or eight. Thus : six words :—

Sic fatur lacrimans classique inmittit habenas,

in English literally becomes eleven words—all in monosyllables :—

Thus he speaks in tears, and gives reins to his fleet.

But the incessant resort to our weak, colourless monosyllabic auxiliaries, without which no English sentence can be made, destroys the *cantabile sostenuto* of Virgil, to use musical terms. Our English lines with ten monosyllables inevitably result in a prolonged and monotonous *staccato*—even in such a grand line as Milton's :—

If thou beest he; but Oh how fall'n! how chang'd!

In the first hundred lines of *Paradise Lost* there are only four monosyllabic verses. There is not a single monosyllabic line in the whole *Aeneid*. In Wordsworth's *Excursion* the monosyllabic lines are hardly two per cent. Tennyson used his monosyllables grandly; but in his *Morte d'Arthur* the proportion is the same as in the *Excursion*. The English translator who tries to keep line to line with Virgil is forced back upon monosyllabic or short words,

chiefly Saxon. But to lose the use of the longer Latin words is to sacrifice movement and music.

A third difficulty is this. Not only does the genius of the Latin language enable the poet to get rid of the troublesome baggage of articles, particles, prepositions, and small auxiliaries, but by its case-endings, genders, declensions, and syntax, adjectives can be dissevered from nouns, verbs from subject and object, whilst *and*, *or*, *not*, *neither* can be tacked on to a word giving it length and grace—what in music is called *legato*. Now, one of Virgil's resources is just the striking position of an emphatic word in a rather unexpected place, at the beginning or end of a line, or it may be at the cæsura in the middle of a line, broken by a pause. Some of the most memorable phrases in the *Aeneid* owe their pathos to this artifice :—

—Tu Marcellus eris.—
—Et vera incessu patuit dea—
—Sunt lacrymae rerum—
—Quos ego—
—Hae tibi erunt artes.—
—Quisque suos patimur Manes—

We may fairly say that these strokes are drawn from Roman rhetoric, and are not to be found in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. They no doubt gave rise to the dramatic apophthegms of Corneille and Alfieri. But whether or not they are suitable for Epic, they are intensely Virgilian. They are special difficulties to the translator. But, in any case, they show the immense value of keeping line to line with the Latin, if anything like the same impression is to be made.

To the translator, Virgil is a task of Sisyphus. He must be kept line for line, or half the force and the pathos is lost. And yet the English pentameter has no space for the Latin hexameter: the line must end before the full sense has found words.

I shall now analyse two verse translations of the *Aeneid* which come nearest to success by observing all the indispensable conditions. These are :—(*a*) Milton's ten-syllable blank verse; (*b*) very close adhesion to the text; (*c*) translating line by line, or (*d*) at least closely rendering Virgil's form and rhythm.

Dryden, Pitt, Bowen, Conington, Morris entirely dis-

card these conditions, though Conington and Morris accept (*b*), and Morris also accepts (*c*).

But the version by the late Sir Theodore Martin of *Aeneid* i.–vi. accepts all four, unless that it too often fails to observe (*c*), *i.e.*, keeping line for line.

The only versions that I have examined which translate the whole *Aeneid* in exactly the same number of lines are two: that of William Morris in 1876, and now that of Charles J. Billson of 1906. I put aside Morris with all his merits, because it is in rhymed elongated lines, full of old ballad forms. Of the admirable work of Mr. Billson I will speak at length presently. He alone of all the translators I am acquainted with observes strictly all four canons (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), and (*d*). And, in my opinion, his splendid work—in two volumes, 4to, 1906, with Latin on one page and close verse translation on the other page—is quite the best *Aeneid* in English that scholarship and poetry have given us.

In 1896 Sir Theodore Martin, then at the age of eighty, published his translation in blank verse of the first six books of the *Aeneid*. In an excellent preface he gives weighty reasons for holding blank verse to be indispensable, and also for close adhesion to the original text. And he also rightly insists that a translation should "read as an English poem," and not be hard to understand by a reader having no Latin before him. This fine performance of a most accomplished man of letters had all the qualities which are shown in his original poetry and in his very numerous translations in many languages. It is undoubtedly a great success, and in many passages is the very best poetic version of the *Aeneid* that we possess. Would that he had completed it: and he did live for thirteen years after the publication.

The translation, though clearly following the text, and often doing so line for line, does, however, slightly exceed the limit of lines, which Morris and Billson rigidly preserve. The first *Aeneid* has 756 lines. Sir Theodore makes it run to over 1,100 lines, or about one-third more. This is partly due to some latitude of expansion to give poetic colouring, but it involves the sacrifice of the peculiar structure of Virgil's involuted lines, the characteristic cæsura at the half line.

In his preface Sir Theodore says some latitude of expansion is indispensable, or the charm of the original must be sacrificed. Well, if "latitude of expansion" simply means that many of Virgil's phrases cannot be made intelligible by the same number of English words, this is plausible enough.

—Quisque suos patimur Manes—

is rendered by Martin

Each soul its special penance has to bear,

eight words in place of Virgil's four. But I rather prefer Mr. Billson's literal

—Each his own Doom we bear—

If, however, latitude of expansion means adding some thought, some grace, some image which is not in Virgil, after the manner of Dryden, Pope, and their school, then we may hold the superfluous words to be a fault.

Everyone may have a different feeling about the dilemma of using phrases to make the lines more like English poetry—or of sticking to Virgil's words.

The two lines in Dido's famous invective (iv. 323-4):—

Fama prior. Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes,
Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat,

are translated by Mr. Billson in two lines thus:—

My once good fame. To whom thy dying Queen
Leav'st thou, O Guest! my Love's sole title now!

I do not say that this is quite satisfactory; but it is literal, and gives the sense without any added word.

Sir Theodore expands the two lines into nearly four:--

—I held my head aloft. To whom dost thou
Abandon me, a woman marked for death (moribundam)
My guest, my guest! Since only by that name
I am to know my husband!

This is certainly good English, but I think it somewhat softens the concentrated fury of Dido, and, with the Latin words under my eye, I think I prefer the literal version. In Virgil's tragic bursts every word should be spared.

If I might suggest a close version, it would be:—

For whom dost cast me off to death, my—Guest?
This name alone is left me—Husband no more!

To do justice to Sir Theodore's really poetic version, we might take his rendering of the beautiful picture of night (iv. 521–528):—

> Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
> Corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quiescant
> Aequora, cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu.

&c., &c.—in all, seven lines.

Sir Theodore gets this into nine lines:—

> 'Twas night, and wearied limbs throughout the land
> Were lapped in balmy sleep, the woods were still,
> And hushed the wild sea-waves. It was the time
> When the stars midway in their courses roll,
> When every field is silent, every beast
> And gaily plumaged bird, and all that lives
> In lake translucent, or in shaggy heath,
> In slumber sunk beneath the silent night,
> Find rest from trouble, and their toils forget.

This is poetry; nor would the lines seem quite out of place if we saw them in the *Excursion* or the *Idylls of the King*.

If one is to be precise, the five words *silvaeque et saeva quiescant aequora* do not need nine words and two verbs. Why not *Woods and wild seas lay hushed*?

Mr. Billson has a fine line for line 526:—

> That haunts the liquid mere or tangled brake.

Sir Theodore again is most successful with the lines (iv. 534–538):—

> What shall I do? Where turn? Shall I approach
> My former suitors, and be mocked by them?
> Entreat on bended knee some Nomad chief
> To wed me—me, who have so often spurned
> The proffer of their hands? Or Ilion's fleet
> Shall I go after it, and place myself
> At the mere mercy of these men of Troy?

Here Virgil's four lines are "expanded" into seven lines. The last three are certainly a fine rendering for Virgil's eight words:—

> Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum
> Jussa sequar?

Mr. Billson keeps to his text:—

> Shall I track
> The Trojans' ships, and serve their utmost will?

In 1906 Mr. Charles J. Billson, M.A., of Corpus Christi

College, Oxford, published the whole *Aeneid*, with text on one page and English blank verse translation on the opposite page (two volumes, 4to: Edward Arnold). This beautiful work contains the whole *Aeneid* and a translation side by side in the exact number of lines of the original. Scholarship and quality of the verse are both of the best; and I can only explain the fact that it has not long superseded all other versions by this: that two volumes quarto on fine paper and print—a real *édition de luxe*—do not in these days gain a rapid popularity.

I now give a specimen of Mr. Billson's work—the famous speech of Eleusinian mysteries by Anchises to Aeneas in Hades (vi. *Aeneid*). As Mr. Billson rigidly adheres to his text line for line, I print the original in a note*:—

Know first that Heaven and Earth and flowing Sea,
The Moon's far-shining orb, and Titan's stars
An inner Soul sustains; a Spirit infused
Moves in the mass, and sways the mighty frame.
Thence men are born and beasts, and flying fowl,
And shapes that swim the deep: their seeds of life
Have fiery vigour, and celestial source,
Save for the fleshly taint, the numbing weight
Of earthy limbs and bodies made to die.
Hence spring their fears, their love, and pain, and joy;
And, pent in gloom, the light they never see
From that blind dungeon. Nay, when life's last ray
Departs, not yet all evil, not all taint
Of carnal disappears; so long ingrained
Needs must that inward growth be wondrous deep.
Therefore they suffer chastisement, and purge
Past sins by penance. Some are stretched and hung
In the void winds, or under monstrous seas

---

*Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum Lunae Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
Inde hominum pecudumque genus vitaeque volantum
Et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
Terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras
Dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
Quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit,
Non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
Corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt; aliae panduntur inanes
Suspensae ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto

Their guilt is washed away, or burnt by fire.
Each his own Doom we bear, (ere sent to dwell,
A happy remnant, in Elysian meads,)
Till Time fulfils the cycle, and takes out
That inbred flaw, and unpolluted leaves
The ethereal sense and Heaven's authentic fire.
Rolled through a thousand years, God summons all
Yon Souls to Lethe, that remembering nought
They may behold once more the vault of Heaven
Resuming wistfully the mortal flesh.—(Tr. F. H.)

Now here is a piece of Virgil's most closely compacted mysticism turned into exactly equivalent and readable English verse. The lines are not on the level of Milton, no doubt, but consider the inexorable conditions of cramming Virgil's seventeen syllables into ten syllables, line for line. And yet what do we not gain by the economy of words and close adhesion to the poet's inimitable phrases. Old Dryden (Bk. vi. 980–1020), *i.e.*, in forty verses for twenty-seven, is full of spirit, but how he embroiders his text! Thus the word *hebetant* swells out into—

"Blunt not the beams of Heav'n and edge of day,"

all to get a rhyme to "decay."

Then, for *multa diu concreta*, he writes:—

"And spots of sin obscene in every face appear."

Again, *quisque suos patimur Manes* is—

"All have their Manes and those Manes bear,"

which is not very enlightening to an English reader.

Nor is Conington of much use—in two lines of twelve words:—

"Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain."

Morris merely says:—

"And each his proper death must bear."

---

Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni;
Quisque suos patimur Manes; exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus;
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
Aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
Scilicet inmemores supera ut convexa revisant
Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

—*Aen.*, vi., 724–75

This is not correct. They are all dead already. *Manes*, as Sir Theodore shows, means "the special penance" of each soul.

Surely it is better to say with Billson—

"Each his own Doom we bear."

Turn now to Mr. Billson's version of the famous lines to the Genius of Rome :—

"Some with more grace may mould the breathing brass,
And draw from stone, I trow, the living form,
Plead causes better, map the heavenly paths,
And tell the rising stars. Roman! be thine
To sway the world with Empire! These shall be
Thine arts, to govern with the rule of Peace,
To spare the weak, and subjugate the proud!" *

Surely this is better than Dryden's ten lines and his—

"Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way,"

or,

"To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free (*parcere subjectis*).
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

And is anything gained by Conington's two lines?—

"Show pity to the humbled soul,
And crush the sons of pride."

But if this be poetry, it is not Virgil.

And William Morris is not better :—

"But thou, O Roman, look to it the folks of earth to sway,
For this shall be their handicraft, peace on the world to lay."

How far better is Mr. Billson's—

"Roman! be thine
To sway the world with Empire! These shall be
Thine arts, to govern with the rule of Peace."

But this close following the precise words of Virgil and the strict limit of his lines, is bought at a heavy price—the almost total sacrifice of his majestic music. There is no possibility of any of Milton's "organ-voice of England"—he who revelled in resounding names from the Bible and the classics. The close translator of the *Aeneid* has to

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus,
Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque inponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.—*Aen.* vi. 846–853.

economise words as if he were composing a telegram to Russia or Japan.

It seems to me that Mr. Billson's resources in this dilemma are in the main two : and both are right. The first is the use of very short words, in one or two syllables; the second is the omission of a word which, however valuable for the rhythm, adds nothing useful to the sense. To note both points :—

(1) Our wonderfully rich language can express almost any noun, adjective, or verb either in a Saxon or Scandinavian word, or in a word of French and Latin origin. Thus in the Lord's Prayer of fifty-six words, there are only three that come from Latin origin. In *Paradise Lost* there are two or three non-Saxon words in each line. As a rule, the Saxon words are monosyllable or short; the Latin words are longer, and usually disyllables. By the heroic use of short Saxon words and the sparing use of longer Latin words—hardly one per line, apart from Latin names—Mr. Billson obtains simplicity, force, lucidity, and conciseness, but, of course, at the sacrifice of majesty and music.

(2) His second expedient is to drop out a word or an epithet which, whatever its value to "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man," adds nothing to the sense. For example, in the first line of *Aeneid* i., the word *oris*, beautiful in sound, adds nothing to the thought. *Litora* opens line 3. And Mr. Billson writes

"Who first from Troy,"

not "from Trojan shores," which would overburden the line.

Again, "Siculae telluris" becomes "Sicily"; and "in altum vela dabant" is sufficiently rendered by "they spread all sail." Nothing in sense is lost by dropping "in altum," for all sail can only be spread to reach open sea. Of old, Virgil was criticised for his "fortis Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus."

One of Virgil's most irritating commonplaces is the incessant "pius Aeneas." Sir Theodore, Billson, Dryden, and the rest generally call him "good Aeneas." But Aeneas was not good; and *pius* is not *good*. It is not translateable. *Pius* means conscientiously performing

religious and family duties. Certainly Aeneas would not be called "good" by the shades of Creusa or of Dido; and his second marriage to Lavinia was rather a gruesome bridal. Aeneas reminds one of Tennyson's Arthur—the "blameless king," and the "white flower of a blameless life." Perhaps "blameless" would best answer to *pius*. But there are moments when one could almost prefer the word "prig."

I recently read *Aeneids* vii. to xii. with Dryden, Conington, and Morris beside me, and I have now read Books i. to vi., with Billson's Latin and English. I put it down with great enjoyment of the scholarship and literary skill of this great achievement. I hold it to be far the best of all versions of the *Aeneid* I know, and destined soon to supersede all others. But if it do this, it must appear in a form less sumptuous, and more within the reach of the ordinary student of Latin and the ordinary reader of fine poetry.

If anyone asks me what is the use of a translation to a scholar, and what is the pleasure of literal versions of poetry to the general reader, I reply: the most accomplished Latin scholar must profit by following a very thoughtful and skilful study of Virgil's elaborate phraseology; and all who love poetry must enjoy to be brought so close to one of the immortal masterpieces of the ancient world.

In putting down my Virgil, I cannot resist the impression—one so constantly felt and so often expressed—that the latter six Books of the *Aeneid* are much inferior to the earlier six. Indeed, the battle passages of the later books are tiresome and conventional. Do not let us rate the *Aeneid* with the *Iliad* or the *Divine Comedy*—hardly with the Epic Sagas of an early age. Obviously, it has no place with the great tragedies, ancient or modern; to my mind, it should rather stand with Tasso than with Milton. But all comparisons are meaningless, and, indeed, mischievous. Virgil in all his works, *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and *Aeneids*, is always and peculiarly Virgil, *i.e.*, I suppose, the most exquisite master of subtle phraseology and of haunting melody in the whole range of any of the vast symphonies of verse—whether old or new.

# Two Welsh Studies

By David Caradoc Evans

## The Man who Walked with God

On the banks of Avon Bern there lived a man who walked with God. His name was Sadrach, and the name of the farmhouse in which he dwelt was Danyrefail. He was a man whose every action in life was the outcome of prayerful meditation : a man who began each day and ended each day with the words of a chapter from the Book and a prayer on his lips. The Sabbath he spent wholly with God, neither he laboured himself nor allowed any in his household to labour. If in the Seiet, the solemn, soul-searching assembly that gathers in Capel Sion on the nights of Wednesdays after Communion Sundays, he was entreated to deliver a message to the congregation, he often prefaced his remarks with, "Dear people, on my way to Sion I asked God what He meant——"

This episode in the life of Sadrach Danyrefail covers a long period; it has its beginning on a March night with Sadrach closing the Bible and giving utterance to these words :

"May the blessing of the Big Man be upon the reading of His Word." Then, "Let us pray."

Sadrach fell on his knees, the open palms of his hands together, his elbows resting on the table; his eight children —Sadrach the Little, Esau, Simon, Rachel, Sarah, Daniel, Samuel, and Miriam—followed his example.

Usually Sadrach prayed fluently in phrases not unworthy of the minister, so universal, so intimate his pleading : to-night he stumbled and halted, and the working of his spiritful mind lacked the heavenly symmetry of the mind of the godly; usually the note of abundant faith and childlike resignation rang grandly throughout his supplica-

tions: to-night the note was one of despair and gloom. With Job he compared himself, for was not the Lord trying His servant to the uttermost? Would the all-powerful Big Man, the Big Man who delivered the Children of Israel from the hold of the Egyptians, give him a morsel of strength to bear his cross? Sadrach reminded God of his loneliness. Man was born to be mated, even as the animals in the fields. Without mate man was like an estate without an overseer, or a field of ripe corn rotting for the reaping hook.

Sadrach rose from his knees. Sadrach the Little lit the lantern which was to light him and Esau to their bed over the stable.

"My children," said Sadrach, "do you gather round me now, for have I not something to tell you?"

Rachel, the eldest daughter, a girl of twelve with reddish cheeks and bright eyes, interposed with:

"Indeed, indeed, now, little father; you are not going to preach to us this time of night!"

Sadrach stretched forth his hand and motioned his children be seated.

"Put out your lantern, Sadrach the Little," he said. "No, Rachel, don't you light the candle. Dear ones, it is not the light of this earth we need, but the light that comes from above."

"Iss, iss," Sadrach the Little assented. "The true light. The light the Big Man puts in the hearts of those who believe, dear me."

"Well spoken, Sadrach the Little. Now be you all silent awhile, for I have things of great import to tell you. Heard you all my prayer?"

"Iss, iss," said Sadrach the Little.

"Sadrach the Little only answers. My children, heard you all my prayer? Don't you be blockheads now—speak out."

"There's lovely it was," said Sadrach the Little.

"My children?" said Sadrach.

"Iss, iss," they answered.

"Well, well, then. How can I tell you?" Sadrach put his fingers through the thin beard which covered the opening of his waistcoat, closed his eyes, and murmured a prayer. "Your mother Achsah is not what she should be.

Indeed, to goodness now, what disgrace this is? Is it not breaking my heart? You did hear how I said to the nice Big Man that I was like Job? Achsah is mad."

Rachel sobbed.

"Weep you not, Rachel. It is not for us to question the inscrutable ways of the Big Man. Do you dry your eyes on your apron now, my daughter You, too, have your mother's eyes. Let me weep in my solitude. Oh, what sin have I committed that God should visit this affliction on me?"

Rachel stepped to the foot of the stairs.

"Mam," she called.

"She will not hear you," Sadrach interrupted. "Dear me, have I not put her in the harness loft? It is not respectable to let her out. Twm Tybach would have sent his wife to the madhouse of Carmarthen. But that is not Christian. Rachel, Rachel, dry your eyes. It is not your fault that Achsah is mad. Nor do I blame Sadrach the Little, nor Esau, nor Simon, nor Sarah, nor Daniel, nor Samuel, nor Miriam. Goodly names have I given you all. Live you up to them. Still, my sons and daughters, are you not all responsible for Achsah's condition? With the birth of each of you she has got worse and worse. Child-bearing has made her foolish. Yet it is un-Christian to blame you."

Sadrach placed his head in his arms.

Sadrach the Little took the lantern and he and Esau departed for their bed over the stable, one by one the remaining six shuffled off their clogs and crept up the narrow staircase to their beds.

Wherefore to her husband Achsah became as a cross, to her children as one forgotten, to everyone living in Manteg and in the several houses scattered on the banks of Avon Bern, as Achsah the mad woman.

The next day Sadrach removed the harness to the room in the dwelling-house in which slept the four youngest children; and he put a straw mattress and a straw pillow on the floor, and these, with the addition of a patchwork quilt, comprised the furnishings of the loft where Achsah spent her days and nights. The small window in the roof he nailed down, after fixing outside of it three solid bars of iron of uniform thickness; the trapdoor he padlocked, and the key of the lock never left his possession; Achsah's food he himself carried to her twice a day, a procedure

which until the coming of Martha some time later he did not entrust to other hands.

Once a week when the household was asleep he placed a ladder from the floor to the loft, and cried:

"Achsah, come you down now."

Meekly the woman obeyed, and as her feet touched the last rung Sadrach threw a cow's halter over her shoulders, and drove her out into the fields for an airing.

Once, under a full moon, the pair was met by Lloyd the Schoolin', and the sight caused Mistar Lloyd to run like a frightened dog, telling his wife on his arrival home that Achsah, the mad woman, had eyes like a cow's.

At the time of her marriage Achsah was twenty years older than her husband. She was rich, too: Danyrefail, with its stock of good cattle and a hundred acres of fair land, was her gift to the bridegroom. Six months after the wedding Sadrach the Little was born. Tongues wagged the boy was a child of sin. Sadrach answered neither yea nor nay. He answered neither yea nor nay until the first Communion Sabbath, when he seized the bread and wine from Old Shemmi and walked to the Big Seat. He stood under the pulpit, the fringe of the minister's Bible-marker curling on the bald patch on his head.

"Dear people," he proclaimed, the silver-plated wine cup in one hand, the bread plate in the other, "it has been said to me that some of you think Sadrach the Little was born out of sin. You do not speak truly. Achsah, dear me, was frightened by the old bull. The bull I bought in the September fair. You, Shemmi, you know the animal. The red and white bull. Well, well, dear people, Achsah was shocked by him. She was running away from him, and as she crossed the threshold of Danyrefail, did she not give birth to Sadrach the Little? Do you believe me now, dear people. As the Lord liveth, this is the truth. Achsah, Achsah, stand you up now, and say you to the congregation if this is not right."

Achsah, the babe suckling at her breast, rose and murmured:

"Sadrach speaks the truth."

Sadrach ate of the bread and drank of the wine.

Three months after Achsah had been put in the loft Sadrach set out at daybreak on a journey to Aberystwith.

He returned late at night, and, behold, a strange woman sat beside him in the trap; and the coming of this strange woman made life different in Danyrefail. Early in the day she was astir, bustling up the children, bidding them fetch the cows, assist with the milking, feed the pigs, or do whatever work was in season.

Rachel rebuked Sadrach, saying, "Little father, why for cannot I manage the house for you? Indeed now, you have given to Martha the position that belongs to me, your eldest daughter."

"What mean you, my dear child?" returned Sadrach. "Cast you evil at your father? Turn you against him? Go you and read your Commandments."

"People are whispering," said Rachel. "They do even say that you will not be raised to the Big Seat."

"Martha is a gift from the Big Man," answered Sadrach. "She has been sent to comfort me in my tribulation, and to mother you, my children."

"Mother!"

"Tut, tut, Rachel," said Sadrach, "Martha is only a servant in my house."

Rachel knew that Martha was more than a servant. Had not her transfer letter been accepted by Capel Sion, and did she not occupy Achsah's seat in the family pew? Did she not, when it was Sadrach's turn to keep the minister's month, herself on each of the four Saturdays take a basket laden with a chicken, two white-hearted cabbages, a peck of potatoes, a loaf of bread, and half a pound of butter to the chapel house of Capel Sion? Did she not drive with Sadrach to market and fair and barter for his butter and cheese and cattle and what not? Did she not tell Daniel the Weaver what cloths to weave for the garments of the children of Achsah?

These things Martha did; and Danyrefail prospered exceedingly: its possessions spread even to the other side of Avon Bern. Sadrach declared in the Seiet that the Lord was heaping blessings on the head of His servant. Of all who worshipped in Sion none was stronger than the man of Danyrefail; none more respected. The congregation elected him to the Big Seat. Sadrach was a tower of strength unto Sion.

But in the wake of his prosperity lay vexation. Rachel

developed fits; while hoeing turnips in the twilight of an afternoon she shivered and fell, her head resting in the water ditch which ran alongside the hedge. In the morning Sadrach came that way with a load of manure.

"Rachel fach," he said, "wake you up now. What will Martha say if you get ill?"

He passed on.

When he came back Rachel had not moved, and Sadrach drove away, without noticing the small pool of water which had gathered over the girl's head. Within an hour he came again, and said:

"Rachel, Rachel, wake you up. There's lazy you are."

Rachel was silent. Death had come long before the cows had been fetched. Sadrach went to the end of the field and emptied his load of manure. Then he turned and pitched Rachel's body into the cart, and covered it with a sack, and drove home, singing the hymn which begins:

"Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair
Now hath passed from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved—sleep."

Esau was kicked by a horse, and died from his injuries; six weeks later Simon gashed his thumb while slicing mangolds, and he also died. Two years went by, by the end of which period Old Ianto, the gravedigger of Capel Sion, dug three more graves for the children of Sadrach and Achsah; and over these graves Sadrach and Martha wept.

But Sadrach the Little brought gladness and cheer to Danyrefail with the announcement of his desire to wed Ellen Mary, the daughter of Old Shemmi. Martha and Sadrach consented to the union provided Old Shemmi gave to his daughter a stack of hay, a cow in calf, a heifer, a quantity of bedclothes, and four cheeses. Old Shemmi, on his part, demanded with Sadrach the Little ten sovereigns, a horse and a cart, and a bedstead.

The night before the wedding Sadrach drove Achsah into the fields, and he told her how the Big Man had looked with favour upon Sadrach the Little, and was giving him Ellen Mary to wife.

What occurred in the loft over the cowshed before dawn crept in through the window with the iron bars I cannot tell you. God can. But the rising sun found Achsah crouching behind one of the hedges which skirts the lane that leads from Danyrefail to Capel Sion, and there she remained, her face peering through the foliage, until the procession came by: first Old Shemmi and Sadrach, with Sadrach the Little between them; then the minister of Capel Sion and his wife; then the men and the women of the congregation; and last came Martha and Ellen Mary.

The party disappeared round the bend: Achsah remained.

"Goodness me," she said to herself. "There is a mistake now. Indeed, indeed, mad am I."

She hurried to the gateway, crossed the road and entered another field, through which she ran as hard as she could. She came to a hedge, and waited.

The procession was passing.

Sadrach and Sadrach the Little.

Achsah doubled a finger.

Among those who followed on the heels of the minister was Miriam.

Achsah doubled another finger.

The party moved out of sight: Achsah still waited.

"Sadrach the Little and Miriam!" she said, spreading out her doubled-up fingers. "Two. Others? Esau. Simon. Rachel. Sarah. Daniel. Samuel. Dear me, where shall I say they are? Six. Six of my children. Mad, mad am I?" . . . She laughed. "They are grown, and I didn't know them."

Achsah waited the third time for the wedding procession. This time she scanned each face, but only in the faces of Sadrach the Little and Miriam did she recognise her own children. She threw herself on the grass. Esau and Simon and Rachel and Sarah and Daniel and Samuel. She remembered the circumstances attending the birth of each. . . . And she had been a good wife. Never once did she deny Sadrach his rights. So long as she lasted she was a woman to him.

"Sadrach the Little and Miriam," she said.

She rose and went to the graveyard. She reached the spot where lay Essec and Shan, Sadrach's father and

mother, and at a distance of the space of one grave from theirs were the graves of six of the children born of Sadrach and Achsah. She drew apart the hair which had fallen over her face and with her finger traced the letters which made up the names of each of her six children.

* * * * * * *

As Ellen Mary crossed the threshold of Danyrefail, and as she set her feet on the flagstone on which Sadrach the Little is said to have been born, the door of the parlour was opened and she was embraced by a lunatic.

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## Be This Her Memorial

Mice and rats, as it is said, frequent neither churches nor poor men's homes. The story I have to tell you about Nanni (this is the Nanni who was hustled on her way to prayer-meeting by the Bad Man himself, who saw the phantom mourners bearing away Twm Tybach's coffin, who conversed with the fallen Michael as he was trying to fill a cinder-sifter with water), the story I have to tell you contradicts that theory.

Nanni was religious; and she was old. No one knew how old she was, for she declared that she remembered the birth of each person that gathered in Capel Sion; she was so old that her age had ceased to interest.

She lived in a mud-walled, straw-thatched cottage on the flat road which runs almost in a straight line from Manteg to Cardigan town; if you happen to be travelling that way you may still see the roofless walls which were silent witnesses to Nanni's great sacrifice—a sacrifice surely counted unto her for righteousness, though in her search for God she fell down and worshipped at the feet of a god.

Nanni's income was three shillings and ninepence a week. That sum was allowed her by Davydd Shones, the officer for poor relief, who each pay day never forgot to remind the bent, wrinkled, toothless old woman how much she owed to him and God.

"If it was not for me, little Nanni," Davydd was in the

habit of telling her, "you would be in the workhouse long ago."

At that remark Nanni would shiver and tremble.

"Dear heart," she would declare, addressing him in the third person (this being the custom in West Wales when you address a superior person), "I pray for him night and day."

Nanni spoke the truth, for she did remember Davydd in her prayers. But the workhouse held for her none of the terrors it holds for her poverty-stricken sisters. Life was life anywhere, in cottage or in House, though with this difference: her liberty in the poor-house would be so curtailed that no more would she be able to listen to the spirit-laden eloquence of the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan. She helped to bring Josiah into the world; she swaddled him in her own flannel petticoat; she watched him going to and coming from school; she knitted for him four pairs of strong stockings to mark his going out into the world as a farm servant; and when the boy, having emancipated himself from the thraldom of the land, was called to minister to the congregation of Capel Sion, even Josiah's mother was not prouder than Old Nanni. Hence Nanni struggled on less than three shillings and ninepence a week, for did she not give a tenth of her income to the treasury of the Capel? Unconsciously she came to regard Josiah as greater than God: God was abstract; Josiah was real.

As Josiah played a part in Nanni's life, so did a Bible colporteur play a minor part in the last few days of her travail. The colporteur came to Nanni's cottage the evening of the day of the rumour that the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan had received a call from a wealthy sister church in North Wales. Broken with grief, Nanni, the first time for many years, bent her stiffened limbs and addressed herself to the living God.

"Dear little Big Man," she prayed, "let not Thy son depart."

Then she recalled how good God had been to her, how He had permitted her to listen to His son's voice; and another fear struck her heart.

"Dear little Big Man," she muttered between her blackened gums, "do Thou now let me live to hear Thy son's farewell words."

At that moment the colporteur raised the latch of the door.

"The Big Man be with this household," he said, placing his pack on Nanni's bed.

"Sit you down," said Nanni, "and rest yourself, for you must be weary."

"Man," replied the colporteur, "is never weary of well doing."

Nanni flicked for him a chair.

"No, no; indeed now," said the colporteur; "I cannot tarry long, woman. Do you not know that I am the Big Man's messenger? Am I not honoured to take His word into the highways and byways, and has He not sent me here?"

He unstrapped his pack, and showed Nanni a gaudy volume with a clasp of brass, and containing many coloured prints; the pictures he explained at hazard: here was a tall-hatted John baptising, here a Roman-featured Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, here a frock-coated Moses and the Tablets.

"A Book," said he, "which ought to be on the table of every Christian home."

"Truth you speak, little man," remarked Nanni. "What shall I say to you you are asking for it?"

"It has a price far above rubies," answered the colporteur. He turned over the leaves and read: 'The labourer is worthy of his hire.' Thus is it written. I will let you have one copy—one copy only—at cost price."

"How good you are, dear me!" exclaimed Nanni.

"This I can do," said the colporteur, "because my Master is the Big Man."

"Speak you now what the cost price is."

"A little sovereign, that is all."

"Dear, dear; the Word of the little Big Man for a sovereign!"

"Keep you the Book on your parlour table for a week. Maybe others who are thirsty will see it."

The colporteur offered a short prayer and departed.

Before the week was out the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan announced from his pulpit that in the call he had discerned the voice of God bidding him go forth into the vineyard.

Nanni went home and prayed to the eternal God:

"Dear little Big Man, spare me to listen to the farewell sermon of Thy beloved servant."

Nanni informed the colporteur that she would buy the Bible, and she asked him to take it away with him and have written inside it an inscription to the effect that it was a gift from the least worthy of his flock to the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan, D.D., and she requested him to bring it back to her on the eve of the minister's farewell sermon.

She then hammered hobnails into the soles of her boots, so as to render them more durable for tramping to such chapels as Bryn-Bevan chanced to be preaching in. Her absences from home became a byword, occurring as they did in the haymaking season. Her labour was wanted in the fields. It was the property of the community, the community which paid her three shillings and ninepence a week.

One night Sadrach Danyrefail called at her cottage to commandeer her services for the next day. His crop had been on the ground for a fortnight, and now that there was a prospect of fair weather he was anxious to gather it in. Sadrach was going to say hard things to Nanni, but the appearance of the gleaming-eyed creature that drew back the bolts of the door frightened him and tied his tongue. He was glad that the old woman did not invite him inside, for from within there issued an abominable smell such as might have come from the boiler of the witch who one time lived on the moor. In the morning he saw Nanni trudging towards a distant chapel where the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan was delivering a sermon in the evening. She looked less bent and not so shrivelled up as she did the night before. Clearly, sleep had given her fresh vitality.

Two Sabbaths before the farewell sermon was to be preached Nanni came to Capel Sion with an ugly sore at the side of her mouth; repulsive matter oozed slowly from it, forming into a head, and then coursing thickly down her chin on to the shoulder of her black cape, where it glistened among the beads. On occasions her lips tightened, and she swished a hand angrily across her face.

"Old Nanni," folk remarked while discussing her over their dinner-tables, "is getting as dirty as an old sow."

During the week two more sores appeared; the next

Sabbath Nanni had a strip of calico drawn over her face.

Early on the eve of the farewell Sabbath the colporteur arrived with the Bible, and Nanni gave him a sovereign in small money. She packed up the Book reverently, and betook herself to Sadrach Danyrefail to ask him to make the presentation.

At the end of his sermon the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan made reference to the giver of the Bible and grieved that she was not in the Capel. He dwelt on her sacrifice. Here was a Book to be treasured, and he could think of no one who would treasure it better than Sadrach Danyrefail, to whom he would hand it in recognition of his work in the Sabbath School.

In the morning the Respected Josiah Bryn-Bevan, making a tour of his congregation, bethought himself of Nanni. The thought came to him on leaving a farmstead two fields away from her cottage. He opened the door and called out:

"Nanni."

None answered.

He entered the room. Nanni was on the floor.

"Nanni, Nanni!" he said. "Why for you do not reply to me? Am I not your shepherd?"

There was no movement from Nanni. Mistar Bryn-Bevan went on his knees and peered at her. Her hands were clasped tightly together, as though guarding some great treasure. The minister raised himself and prised them apart with the ferrule of his walking-stick. A roasted rat revealed itself. Mistar Bryn-Bevan stood for several moments spellbound and silent; and in the stillness the rats crept boldly out of their hiding places and resumed their attack on Nanni's face. The minister, startled and horrified, fled from the house of sacrifice.

# British Music (ii)

By Joseph Holbrooke

## SOME SUGGESTIONS

So here is the story of trouble! British music is to be had for the asking,—of a kind! Weak-minded composers stoop to any depth to get a single performance! Their pride in their work *is* not!—a "fee" would overpower their sense of modesty!—and they, proud souls, work for no fees! Hence, they are "pure" artists, their compositions are free, no one wants them; when they are performed the composer gets no benefit from it, and the works are not repeated. The public attitude remains indifferent; the critics, knowing the full state of the case (the works in manuscript and the parts and performance given by the composer) scoff—as we all do, at a free gift, and smash the quality with no uncertain hand. Conductors do not conduct for nothing, musicians do not play without fees, the whole show is *paid* for; but the "universal provider"—the creator—in these days, anyway, must not talk of fees; he provides for the love of the thing, and lives on what he can get, of course! Is he not an artist? It is so vulgar to talk of fees!

I used to detest the mention of trade unions, but if this powerful idea was brought into the world of art (and artists sadly need leading, far more than coal-heavers, or navvies, etc.) one should see a much more happy state of things than at present exists. The weak should not go to the wall while the strong exist—after all, the strong have ever paid for the weak; it is in the nature of things, and the superior ability of one musician will not interfere with him if he is associated wth the rank and file. The members of any orchestra are not identical in their gifts, but all prosper in the performance! We have, then, to put our music on a basis, and this is made inconceivably difficult

for us because our countrymen will not listen to, or pay for, any native work if he knows it! It is, perhaps, not known that operatic matters are the likeliest for us. I honestly believe, if there is a young man in this country who could give us the sloppiness of Puccini, or any other Italian music-maker, he would get *all* our publishers interested in him; they would offer him fees, large fees, for they all deal with the "profit-makers" here! Brahms rightly had a contempt for Old England; he never came here! He, and others of his intellect, starve here, but the pellucid and mawkish melody of the Italians is always welcome. One has no need to think!

After all, Wagner cried in the wilderness; and so it always must be. Whenever any of my music-dramas have been performed, the box office has not been wildly besieged by our own people; indeed, the loss entailed over Holbrooke is sometimes quite famous! But if no one will lose a trifle over any honest attempt to raise our musical art to a better level, it is a sorry job. Thank God, I have found they will do so, providing the work is done.

I am repeatedly told, our audiences request to be "amused" first; this *must* be seen to. It is of paramount importance, no doubt, to be amused; but even taking this into account, when I see unknown operas by Russian composers drawing large audiences I have to think furiously, for the British public know nothing of these operas, but they flock to see them; and after all, they may not be amused every time, although the *Coq D'Or* and the *Petruschka* Ballet are splendid samples of the Russian wares, and deserve the success they have attained here. I can see, however, that the performances given here of foreign operas are widely different from what the composers intended them to be, as witness the complaints made in our Press by the composers and their relatives! In nearly every case this is so, and these works do not draw enormous audiences in their native country; in many cases the composers have never heard their operas at all, as in the case of Rimsky-Korsakov, so my charge of snobbery, I think, for my own country is well maintained. The British people have ever listened to the alien, as in the days of Handel; and the critic (although not always a villain!) is always ready with his enthusiasm, in large

type, for Tetrazzini, Caruso, Busoni, Strauss, Puccini, Nikisch, Campanini, Van Rooy, Stravinski, Chaliapine, Debussy, Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinski, Mengelberg, Steinbach, Schonberg, Savonoff, Paderewski, Elman, and a few other aliens! These are the "Gods" I am mentioning, the Gods of the British public! There are not many British names among them, it is true, and I have not mentioned them all by any means; but it will be fairly seen what we have to cope with, try and equal, and even surpass, before any serious advance can be reckoned probable for us! The suggestion—by me—*might take the form of a little prejudice in* our *favour for a few years, first and foremost by our own Press*, the most powerful in the world. Let it be said in every style of paper of *our* fine quality; this will help exceedingly! In addition, *we might even get the confidence of our audiences*, which we have *never* had! Such fine work as that of Elgar, Bantock, Vaughan Williams, Cyril Scott, Rutland Boughton, S. Hawley, Vaughan Thomas, Hamilton Harty, Havergal Brian, Benjamin Dale, to mention only a few, should not be ignored year after year. Our Music Festivals have no need to indulge in foreign novelties at all if they were just or generous. I have said all this before, and I shall be pleased to go on saying it until matters alter. It is a merry fact to inform my reading public that much of my best work is bought and played, which never *would* be the case only I have, in disgust, published it under a foreign signature! The recent performance of my third Music-Drama, *Dylan*, called forth some stirring remarks by the gentlemen who get their living by writing *about* work other men do—a very common job, and in their summary of the works brought forth by the Russian season, or by the enthusiasm of Sir Joseph, and his son Thomas Beecham (who have given London some claim to a foremost place in music matters by the new and modern works performed) they speak of nearly every work individually, and *carefully leave out all mention of the one British work included!* This, not in one paper, but in nearly all, shows that I do not exaggerate the sad situation of our music. Even granting that the work was a poor one (which every critic here will naturally be keen to declare), this sort of bias gives a reading public the cue to take, and despite the

fine genius of our own native conductor, Thomas Beecham (who conducts with a rare verve and eye to effect, who reads the most complicated scores in existence with ease—as witness his readings of Strauss, Delius, Bantock, and my own scores), the money spent and the effort made, fall on a desert air, and not one voice cries in the wilderness to remedy this in Old England, and I dare swear it is the same in America also!

Perhaps, since the powerful competition of Germany has been annulled, we may, by first dismissing heaps of German professors who are living here, and teaching, etc., in our academies, etc., profit a little by it. In Aberystwyth, the College of Music has a complete staff of foreign professors!

When one realises how many works we have been prevented from writing by the stagnant state of things here, our public, indifferent as it always is, ought to cheer!

Indifference is the fearful weapon to wield; and if I, personally, have sprung from the sodden fields of the music-hall, and the vacuous rot of the theatres (which I truly have done), it is not because I have been recognised as a musical power, but, I fear, because I have supplied a novelty in time here and there, years ago, which excited some untoward attention at the time, until it was found I was truly a British subject—then all interest vanished.

The Colleges of Music in London have complete lists of examination music, the composers of which are all foreign. Not a single work by me or any other native modern composer would be found in their libraries!

After ten years' delay Manchester City has just performed my *Queen Mab* orchestral and choral poem! It was actually performed in Boston (U.S.A.) by *Herr Muck* before this, and under *Arthur Nikisch* at Berlin also. All foreign conductors! Then it remained for a German conductor, *Herr Balling*, to give the work in Manchester—not an English conductor! All the years that Sir Henry Wood, Dr. Cowen, Landon Ronald, and C. V. Stanford have been conducting in England, not one composer here can truthfully say that he has benefited more than once or twice a year. British music then, I say, hardly exists, for it is well known that I get as many performances as most serious composers in this country, and operatically more than anyone, yet I find

our orchestral works are quite "unknown" at the present day by our public. As I write this Elgar's latest work, *i.e.*, *Falstaff* for orchestra, "masterpiece" or not, was played to a practically empty house twice in Queen's Hall. This is tragic, for few composers here have Elgar's fine gifts, and it is, alas! not even surprising, for our public have never from our own Press been taught to have any confidence in our works. Our own musicians take absolutely no interest in it; their entire fancy goes out to the wares of the Continent, and a powerful Press supports them. The opinions on ambitious works like my *Children of Don* or *Dylan* Dramas are all violent and mocking; criticism is not, for too much space is needed finding fault, and we all know this is d—— easy to do with everything. I trust American musicians are not quite in the same plight!

It would be better if with a sum of £27,000, or more, given by Mr. Palmer here (of biscuit fame) for our music, to teach our orchestras one or two of our works, and thus enable the public to like them, instead of which there is hardly a single modern work by Bantock, Delius, Scott, Brian, Clutsam, Gardiner, Austin, Dale, Boughton, or myself, which is known by our orchestras at all, and the preparation of such is always deemed too expensive!

It sadly looks as if a patron was needed if any of our young musicians are to have a fair chance. It will be pathetic, for independence is vital even to a musician! But no living is possible to a serious composer here unless he is kept by a kind aunt or doting father! These do exist, I'm told, but I'm sorry they are needed. But they are, for in the case of a very gifted pupil of mine who had to give up his music studies, failing the rich aunt, etc., he had to take up "Tango" dancing (which he had learnt as a hobby) to earn bread and cheese! He earned, too, at this quite a lot of money, which he never would have done at serious composition! That a clever young writer should have to dance the "Tango" is unnerving! The delirious "Tango" is now dead, I understand, so perhaps the young composer in question is dead also; but in any case it is ruin to good work to have to dance anything!

I know what composers have to go through from experience, so I trust this article may prove a warning to many. If good music is attempted, *then the rewards are practically*

*nil, the blows are many, and the disappointments legion!* There is a market here, in this country, for tawdry music at one guinea apiece; the publishers here will part on rare occasions with this sum; but they prefer a "royalty," as they know the composer, in most cases, must have some money, and a "bird in the hand, etc." We all suffer for our music, and it is easily bearable *if our own baton-wavers would unbend and often perform a powerful work*; it would be honest to us, give us the chance of hearing it, and also of *criticising* it! When one considers the innumerable auditions of the Russians—Tschaikowski, Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriabine, Rachmaninoff, or Strauss, Debussy, etc., etc., who are played again and again *until the public do understand their works and like them*, and the sales are assured and their name is legion—(for be it understood the new works by these men are not liked *or* understood at the first hearing). But when we look at the other side of the picture we find one hearing is deemed sufficient for a British work—that one often a scurried one—where neither the composer, conductor, nor players can understand it, where the same can nearly always be said of the public who have listened to it, and certainly British music has no chance whatever until these circumstances are altered. I should not omit to say here there is always one man who can understand native work at once, and that is the critic! A recent movement here, and a good one, to get fees for our composers when their music is played is "putting the cart," I fear, before the horse. As matters stand, no one wants British music, so they—the artists and the conductors—will certainly not pay any fee for it. They take any new work (the artists) in a spirit of condescension, the young composer must be enraptured if his work is played! If he mentions a fee (like me), he will not be played at all, so my readers will see that the various obstacles in his path are many, and nearly unsurmountable. In a recent disclosing I gave of these lamentable matters in a London weekly, which brought forth a host of alien enemies (and a few native ones!) I gave actual instances of the orchestras I had, personally, given concerts with in London, costing me many hundreds of pounds. My sole reward for this is to find them, the orchestras, I engaged, united in ignoring, year after year, my works, until I imagine more money is forth-

coming to spend on more concerts! The spirit of paying to hear your own music anywhere is, of course, disastrous alike to the welfare of the works and the reception of it by other musicians and orchestras generally. Once started, this course leads to corruption and disappointment. There is, however, a great deal of it done nowadays, because there is a vast deal of mediocrity about, and so-called "artists" who have "means," or incomes of their own abound, and as their music or poetry costs them nothing, either in emotion or purse, they are very willing to let it go at the same price! Of late I have noticed a great many of these artists come from America, and I am sorry to see that the usual courses open to them for a career are not deemed good enough, but every weak-chinned gentleman in a family, or "blue-stocking" of a female, chooses (ye gods!) "art" as a career to follow. Never were the weak-chinned more egregiously mistaken, for art is a most arduous undertaking, and weak-kneed gentry had far better keep out of it.

However, let us see whether these circumstances can be amended. So many of our young composers go abroad, in the hope that appreciation may come to them quicker, for their work; but seeing the results I really cannot say I think much of their penetration! Personally, I despise the person who is not willing to fight for his work in his own country, and he who leaves his country must not be surprised at his fate. No one in England is likely to be violently affected if an artist turns tail and runs away, nearly always to copy, unconsciously, foreign models! Let us stand by our hardships and try to better them, for not much success will come to anyone by leaving the country where the trouble is! I'm proud to say that whatever failures or successes I may have, they will undoubtedly be in England if I have to choose, and seeing the explosion which has just now burst in Europe—from Germany (which is not for the betterment of anyone's art!) I think we are all wiser if we cling firmly and tenaciously to the trouble which may exist at home in one's art—for the troubles abroad, for you, are sure to be worse. Perhaps at some future writing I may give, or someone else, a list of the likely works to do British music credit! This, no doubt, will call down upon my head a very

strong storm of disagreement, which is in the nature of things.

A good sign of the times is the work of Mr. De Lara (who, I find, is an Englishman) for our native art. His energy has done quite a great deal already, and I shall expect it to do much more, providing a fair and open mind is kept on the subject.

Meanwhile, let us hope that our own music now will receive some of the attention that the foreigners have had from our public, and which, mark you, they hardly ever return. As in warfare, so in art! Abroad, they have no interest except in their own advancement. Let us see to this also, ourselves, for we have been too long admiring the works of others in art, and those nearer home have been suffering a great deal, with little or no chance of betterment, as matters stand at present. The public can always alter the existing state of affairs *if they wish to*—by protesting, whenever they may be at a concert the programme of which may consist nearly, or entirely of foreign art. While the public allow this to go on, articles may be written, and "War Emergency Concerts" given, etc., in vain, for matters will never be altered, or improved, by our own musicians or conductors.

I ask any fair-minded reader to watch the programmes our orchestras play in this country, and notice how often any of the work by the British names I have mentioned, in this article, are performed. It is needless to mention my own work, as in writing these articles I have found I bring my own punishment!

# Mudejar

## By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

BROWN, severe, and wall-girt, the stubborn city still held out.

Its proud traditions made it impossible for Zaragoza to capitulate without a siege. As in the days of Soult, when the heroic maid, the *artillera*, as her countrymen call her with pride, when Pulafox held up the blood and orange banner in which float the lions and the castles of Castille, the city answered shot for shot.

Fire spurted from the Moorish walls, built by the Beni Hud, who reigned in Zaragoza, when still Sohail poured its protecting rays upon the land. The bluish wreaths of smoke curled on the Ebro, running along the water and enveloping the Coso as if in a mist.

A dropping rifle-fire crackled out from the ramparts, and above the castle the red flag of the Intransigent-Republic shivered and fluttered in the breeze.

The Torre-Nueva sprang from the middle of the town, just as a palm tree rises from the desert sands. It was built at the time when Moorish artisans, infidel dogs who yet preserved the secrets of the East amongst the Christians (may dogs defile their graves), had spent their science and their love upon it.

Octagonal and looking as if blown into the air by the magician's art, it leaned a little to one side, and, as the admiring inhabitants averred, drawing their right hands open over their left arms, laughed at its rival of Bologna and at every other tower on earth.

No finer specimen of the art known as Mudejar existed in all Spain. Galleries cut it here and there; and ajimeces, the little horseshoe windows divided by a marble pillar, loved of the Moors, which tradition says they took from the rude openings in their tents of camel's hair, gave light to the inside. Here were stages of inclined planes, so gradual in their ascent that once a Queen of Spain had ridden up

them to admire the view over the Sierras upon her palfry, or her donkey, for all is one when treating of a queen, who of a certainty ennobles the animal she deigns to ride upon. Deep ajaracas, the patterns proper to the style of architecture, stood up in high relief upon its sides, and near the balustrade upon the top a band of bluish tiles relieved the brownness of the brickwork and sparkled in the sun. Sieges and time and storms, rain, wind, and snow, had spared it; even the neglect of centuries had left it unimpaired—erect and elegant as a young Arab maiden carrying water from the well. Architects said that it inclined a little more each year, and talked about subsidences; but they were foreigners, unused to the things of Spain, and no one marked them; and the tower continued to be loved and prized and to fall into disrepair. On this occasion riflemen lined the galleries, pouring a hot fire upon the attacking forces of the Government.

Encamped upon the heights above Forero, the Governmental army held the banks of the canal that gives an air of Holland to that part of the adust and calcined landscape of Aragon.

The General's quarters overlooked the town, and from them he could see Santa Engracia, in whose crypt repose the bodies of the martyrs in an atmosphere of ice, standing alone upon its little plaza, fringed by a belt of stunted and ill-grown acacia trees. The great cathedral, with its domes, in which the shrine of the tutelary Virgin of the Pilar, the Pilarica of the country folk, glittering with jewels and with silver plate, is venerated as befits the abiding place on earth of the miraculous figure sent direct from heaven, towered into the sky.

Churches and towers and convents, old castellated houses with their overhanging eaves and coats of arms upon the doors, jewels of architecture, memorials of the past, formed as it were a jungle wrought in a warm brown stone. Beyond the city towered the mountains that hang over Huesca of the Bell. Through them the Aragon has cut its roaring passages towards Sobrarbe to the south. Northwards they circle Jaca, the virgin little city that beat off the Moors a thousand years ago, and still once every year commemorates her prowess outside the walls, where Moors and Christians fight again the unequal contest, into which St.

James, mounted upon his milk-white charger, had plunged and thrown the weight of his right arm. The light was so intense and African that on the mountain sides each rock was visible, outlined as in a camera-lucida, and as the artillery played upon the tower the effects of every salvo showed up distinctly on the crumbling walls. All round the Government's encampment stood groups of peasantry who had been impressed together with their animals to bring provisions. Wrapped in their brown and white checked blankets, dressed in tight knee-breeches, short jackets, and grey stockings, and shod with alpargatas—the canvas, hemp-soled sandals that are fastened round the ankles with blue cords, they stood and smoked, stolid as Moors, and as unfathomable as the deep mysterious corries of their hills.

When the artillery thundered and the breaches in the walls grew daily more apparent and more ominous, the country people merely smiled, for they were sure the Pilarica would preserve the city; and even if she did not, all Governments, republican or clerical, were the same to them.

All their ambition was to live quietly, each in his village, which to him was the hub round which the world revolved.

So one would say, as they stood watching the progress of the siege: "Chiquio, the sciences advance a bestiality, the Government in the Madrids can hear each cannon-shot. The sound goes on those wires that stretch upon the posts we tie our donkeys to when we come into town. . . ."

Little by little the forces of the Government advanced, crossing the Ebro at the bridge which spans it in the middle of the great double promenade called the Coso, and by degrees drew near the walls.

The stubborn guerrilleros in the town contested every point of vantage, fighting like wolves, throwing themselves with knives and scythes stuck upright on long poles upon the troops.

So fought their grandfathers against the French, and so Strabo describes their ancestors, adding, "the Spaniard is a taciturn, dark man, usually dressed in black; he fights with a short sword, and always tries to come to close grips with our legionaries."

As happens in all civil wars, when brother finds himself

opposed to brother, the strife was mortal, and he who fell received no mercy from the conqueror.

The riflemen upon the Torre Nueva poured in their fire specially upon the Regiment of Pavia, whose Colonel, Don Luis Montoro, on several occasions gave orders to the artillerymen at any cost to spare the tower.

Officer after officer fell by his side, and soldiers in the ranks cursed audibly, covering the saints with filth, as runs the phrase in Spanish, and wondering why their Colonel did not dislodge the riflemen who made such havoc in their files. Discipline told at last, and all the Intransigents were forced inside the walls, leaving the moat with but a single plank to cross it by which to reach the town. Upon the plank the fire was concentrated from the walls, and the besiegers stood for a space appalled, sheltering themselves as best they could behind the trees and inequalities of the ground.

Montoro called for volunteers, and one by one three grizzled soldiers, who had grown grey in wars against the Moors, stepped forward and fell pierced with a dozen wounds.

After a pause there was a movement in the ranks, and with a sword in his right hand, and in his left the colours of Castille, his brown stuff gown tucked up showing his hairy knees knotted and muscular, out stepped a friar, and strode towards the plank. Taking the sword between his teeth he crossed himself, and beckoning on the men rushed forward in the thickest of the fire.

He crossed in safety, and then the regiment, with a hoarse shout of "Long live God," dashed on behind him, some carrying planks and others crossing upon bales of straw, which they had thrown into the moat. Under the walls they formed and rushed into the town, only to find each house a fortress and each street blocked by a barricade. From every window dark faces peered, and a continual fusillade was poured upon them, whilst from the house-tops the women showered down tiles.

Smoke filled the narrow streets, and from dark archways groups of desperate men came rushing, armed with knives, only to fall in heaps before the troops who, with fixed bayonets, steadily pushed on.

A shift of wind cleared off the smoke and showed the

crimson flag still floating from the citadel, ragged and torn by shots. Beyond the town appeared the mountains peeping out shyly through the smoke, as if they looked down on the follies of mankind with a contemptuous air.

Dead bodies strewed the streets, in attitudes half tragical, half ludicrous; some looking like mere bundles of old clothes, and some distorted with a stiff arm still pointing to the sky.

Right in the middle of a little square the friar lay shot through the forehead, his sword beside him, and with the flag clasped tightly to his breast.

His great brown eyes stared upwards, and as the soldiers passed him some of them crossed themselves, and an old sergeant spoke his epitaph: "This friar," he said, "was not of those fit only for the Lord; he would have made a soldier, and a good one; may God have pardoned him."

Driven into the middle plaza of the town, the Intransigents fought till the last, selling their lives for more than they were worth, and dying silently.

The citadel was taken with a rush, and the red flag hauled down.

Bugles rang out from the other angle of the plaza; the General and his staff rode slowly forward to meet the Regiment of Pavia as it debouched into the square.

Colonel Montoro halted, and then, saluting, advanced towards his chief. His General turning to him, angrily exclaimed: "Tell me, why did you let those fellows in the tower do so much damage, when a few shots from the field guns would have soon finished them?"

Montoro hesitated, and recovering his sword once more saluted as his horse fretted on the curb, snorting and sidling from the dead bodies that stood upon the ground.

"My General," he said, "not for all Spain and half the Indies would I have trained the cannon on the tower; it is Mudejar of the purest architecture."

His General smiled at him a little grimly and saying, "Well, after all, this is no time to ask accounts from any man," touched his horse with the spur and, followed by his staff, he disappeared into the town.

# THE WAR OF LIBERATION

## The Defence of Liège

By Charles Bronne

On Sunday, August 2nd, while the news was going round that a train had entered Luxembourg with German forces, the German Minister at Brussels delivered an ultimatum to Belgium demanding the free passage through our territory of the German armies. The following day, Monday, the Belgian Government replied that the nation was determined to defend its neutrality. The same night the German advanced posts entered our territory. Tuesday morning they were before Visé, at Warsage, at Dolhain, and at Stavelot. The bridges of Visé and Argenteau and the tunnels of Troisponts and Nas-Proué were blown up.

From this day the atrocities committed by the pioneers of German "Kultur" began at Visé with fire and the massacre of inhabitants. On Thursday, they were to continue at Warsage and Berneau. On Wednesday, August 5th, the investment of Liège began, the bombardment being specially directed to the north-west sector which comprises the forts of Evegnée, Barchon, and Fléron. In the afternoon the attack extended as far as the fort of Chaudfontaine. The region attacked by the foe was thus that between the Meuse and the Vesdre, the beautiful country of Herve, where cornfields are followed by vineyards, where meadowland encroaches on the sides of narrow but picturesque valleys, where small but thick woods conceal the number of the assailants. It was found necessary to destroy some prosperous little farms, several country houses, and pretty villas. This was but a prelude to the devastation brought by the soldiers of the Kaiser.

The enemy was in force. Later it was known that around Liège were the 10th Prussian Army Corps from Aix-

la-Chapelle on the way to Visé, the 7th Corps, which had passed through the Herve country, the 8th, which had entered through Stavelot, and also a brigade of the 11th Corps, making up a total of about 130,000 men.

To resist these forces, General Leman had forts more than twenty-four years old and 30,000 men: the 3rd division of the army increased by the 15th mixed brigade, *i.e.*, the 9th, 11th, 12th, and 14th of the line, a part of the 2nd Lancers, a battalion of the 1st Carabineers, and the Divisional Artillery.

Thursday, August 6th, was rich in moving incidents.

While the enemy were in force before Barchon, in a night attack, an attempt was made on General Leman. The story has been variously told. Here is the true version.

The enemy's spies, so numerous in Liège, had been able to give the most exact information regarding the installation of the General Staff in the Rue Sainte Foy. They were quite aware that for a week the defender of Liège had only been taking two or three hours' rest in his office, so as to be more easily in telephonic communication with the forts and garrison. These offices in the Rue Sainte Foy were very badly situated, at the extreme end of the northern quarter, and were defended only by a few gendarmes. General Leman had been warned, however, and the King himself had at last persuaded him to take some precautions against a possible attempt. He had finally given way to this advice, and a rudimentary structure, but a sure one, fitted with electric light and telephone, was being set up under the railway tunnel near the Palais station. This was, then, the last night the General would pass at Rue Sainte Foy.

Towards half-past four in the morning a body of a hundred men descended from the heights of Tawes. Whence did they come? How had they been able to penetrate into the town? Some have said that they dressed in Liège itself. In reality, they represented themselves to the advanced posts of the fort of Pontisse as being Englishmen come to the aid of Liège, and asked to be conducted to the General Staff. They were soldiers of a Hanoverian regiment, and bore upon their sleeves a blue band with the word "Gibraltar." This contributed in no small degree

to cause them to be taken for British sharpshooters. They were preceded by a spy who had put on the Belgian uniform of the 11th of the line and who seemed to know the town very well. At Thier-à-Liège, they stopped a moment to drink at a wine-shop and then went on. They were more than a hundred in number and were preceded by two officers. A detachment of Garde Civique, posted at the gas factory of the Rue des Bayards, did not consider it their duty to interfere. A few individuals accompanied the troop, crying "Vive les Anglais." A few passers-by, better aware of the situation, protested. The troop continued its imperturbable march. The officers smiled. Thus they arrived at Rue Sainte Foy where, as we have said, the offices of the General Staff of General Leman were installed.

A German officer asked of the sentinel on the door an interview with General Leman. The officers of the latter, who now appeared, understood the ruse at once, and drew their revolvers. Shots were exchanged. One of the officers, Major Charles Marchand, a non-commissioned officer of gendarmes, and several gendarmes were killed. The Germans attempted to enter the offices, of which the door had been closed. They fired through the windows, and even attempted to attack the house by scaling the neighbouring walls. General Leman, who was working, ran out on hearing the first shots. He was unarmed. He demanded a revolver. Captain Lebbe, his aide-de-camp, refused to allow him to expose himself uselessly, and begged him to keep himself for the defence of Liège. He even used some violence to his chief, and pushed him towards the low door which separated the house from the courtyard of a neighbouring cannon foundry. With the help of another officer, the captain placed his General in safety. While this was happening, the alarm had been given, and the Germans, seeing that their attempt to possess themselves of the person of General Leman had failed, retired. The guard, which comprised some fifty men, fired repeatedly on the retreating party. Some fifty Germans, including a standard-bearer and a drummer, were killed. Others were made prisoners.

The General retired to the citadel of Sainte Walburge, and later to the fort of Loncin. From there he followed the efforts of the enemy attacking anew the north-east and

south-east sectors. The environs of Fort Boncelles are as difficult to defend as those of the Barchon-Evegnée-Fléron front. There is first the discovered part which surrounds what remains of the unfortunate village of Boncelles, which the Belgians themselves were forced to destroy to free their field of fire, but for the rest, there are only woods, that of Plainevaux, which reaches to the Ourthe, Neuville, and Vecquée woods, that of Bégnac, which continues Saint Lambert wood as far as Trooz and the Meuse.

Every place here swarmed with Germans, 40,000 at least, an army corps which had spent a day and a night in fortifying themselves, and had been able to direct their artillery towards Plainevaux, to the north of Neuville, and upon the heights of Ramet. Thirty thousand men at least would have been needed to defend this gap and less than 15,000 were available. A similar attack was delivered at the same time between the Meuse and the Vesdre. On both sides miracles of heroism were performed, but the enemy poured on irresistibly. They were able to pass, on the one side, Val Saint Lambert, on the other, between Barchon and the Meuse, between Evegnée and Fléron. Fighting took place well into the night, the enemy being repulsed at Boncelles twice. The following morning I saw pieces of German corpses. The Belgian artillery had made a real carnage, and no smaller number of victims fell in the bayonet charges. The 9th and the Carabineers, who had fought the day before at Barchon, were present here.

In the other sector, the soldiers of the 12th of the line particularly behaved like heroes. The battle began towards two o'clock in the morning at Rétinne where, after prodigies of valour and a great slaughter of the enemy, the Belgian troops were forced to retire. The struggle continued at Saine and at Queue du Bois. Here Lieutenant F. Bronne and forty of his men fell while covering the retreat. In spite of such devotion and of a bravery that will not be denied, the enemy passed through. Why? Some troops surrendered with their officers, who were afterwards set free upon parole at Liège. But this was only a very small exception, and it was under the pressure of an enemy four times as numerous that the 3rd division succumbed after three days of repeated fighting, during which the soldiers

were compelled to make forced marches from one sector to another, and stop the rest of the time in the trenches fighting. The enemy's losses were 5,000 killed and 30,000 wounded.

General Leman considered that he had obtained from his troops the maximum effort of which they were capable and ordered a retreat. It was executed in good order, and the enemy had suffered so severely that they did not dream of pursuit. They contented themselves with pushing forward as far as the plateau of Saint-Tilman (close to Boncelles) and that of Robermont (behind Fléron) some cannons of 15, which had bombarded the town the first time on Thursday, August 6th, at four o'clock in the morning. No German troops, except some 200 men who entered as prisoners, penetrated into the town on this day.

Although this retreat left behind a few men with several guns, it may be said to have been effected in good order. I was able to see that for myself in passing through with the troops, from the fifth limit of the Saint Trond route, near Fort Loncin, up to the centre of the town. The auto in which I was seated was able to pass easily.

The terrified population from Bressoux began to arrive. There were people half-dressed, but who carried some object which to them seemed the most precious, sometimes a simple portrait of a loved one. Others drove cattle before them. The men carried children, while women followed painfully loaded with household goods. Mixed up with them were the Garde Civique. It had just been assembled and informed that it was disbanded, and a certain number of them had told the inhabitants that the Prussians were coming, and that there was nothing better to do than for everyone to bolt himself in. The cannon had thundered all night. The citizens of Liège had found in their letter-boxes a warning from the burgomaster concerning the behaviour of the inhabitants in case of the town being occupied by the enemy. This urgent notice, distributed the night before between 9 and 11 p.m., foreshadowed an imminent occupation. The hasty flight of the people of Bressoux stopped when they had crossed the Meuse; but as the bombardment recommenced towards noon, fright again seized on the population. The bombardment lasted

till two. Some thirty shells fell on different parts of the town.

At half-past twelve a dull noise was heard as far as the furthest fort; it was the old Bridge of Arches which gave way, towards the left bank. The engineers had just blown it up. It seemed wiser to destroy the bridge at Val Bénoit, which left the Germans railway communication. But no one thought of this; or rather, orders to that effect were not given by the higher authorities. This was afterwards to cause the degradation to the ranks of the chief officer of engineers who was responsible for this unpardonable lapse.

The second bombardment lasted till two o'clock. Several projectiles now fell upon the citadel, where everything was in readiness to set fire to the provisions and munitions which remained there along with some unserviceable cannon, generally used in the training of the Garde Civique. By 10 a.m. the citadel had been evacuated, only very few persons remaining, among them a major, who hastily hoisted the white flag.

Burgomaster Kleyer awaited developments at the Town Hall. At half-past three, he received envoys, who demanded the surrender of the town and forts. Put into communication with General Leman, who was all the time at Loncin with his Staff, he informed him that if the forts persisted in their resistance, the town would be bombarded a third time. General Leman replied that the threat was an idle one, that it would be a cruel massacre, but that the higher interests of Belgium compelled him to impose this sacrifice on the town of Liège.

At 9 p.m. fresh shells fell on different parts of the city and caused more damage if not more victims. This bombardment lasted till 2 a.m. It recommenced at intervals of half-an-hour, and caused two fires, one in Rue de Hasque, and the other in Rue de la Commune. After midday, the streets were deserted and all dwelling houses closed. In the afternoon a convoy of Germans taken prisoners were seen to pass along the boulevards, and were then shut up in the Royal Athenæum. Then there was an interminable defile of autos and carts conveying both German and Belgian wounded, especially the former, those who came from Boncelles more particularly. Bodies of stragglers re-entered Liège slowly, ignorant of what had happened,

as they were either untouched by the order to retire, or had been forgotten in the advanced posts or in the trenches. They were very tired and hardly had the courage to accelerate their pace, except when the few passers-by explained the position in a couple of words. The aspect of the town was very gloomy, and the only places where any animation was to be seen were around Guillemins station, where trains full of fugitives were leaving for Brussels, the West quarter, towards which the last of the retiring companies were marching, and the North, where many were still ignorant of this movement.

On Friday, August 7th, at 3 a.m., the bombardment of Liège began again, chiefly directed against the citadel, where only a few soldiers now remained. These evacuated the place after setting fire to some provisions they were unable to carry off. The population passed through hours of anguish, which were destined not to be the last. Everybody took refuge in the cellars. Some people lived there for several days in fear that a shell might fall upon their house. On this Friday the Germans penetrated into the town at five o'clock in the morning by the different bridges which had remained intact. They came in through Jupille and Bois de Breux chiefly. They seemed tired and, above all, hungry. Leaving detachments in the Place de Baviére and near the bridges, they successively occupied the Provincial Palace and the citadel.

Count Lammsdorf, Chief of the Staff of the 10th Corps, Commander of the Army of the Meuse, arrested Burgomaster Kleyer at the Town Hall, and conducted him to the citadel, where he at first made him a rather reassuring communication as to the fate of the town. . . . He then spoke anew and said that he understood all the forts would surrender, in default of which the bombardment would recommence. M. Kleyer vainly protested against a measure so contrary to the laws both of war and of humanity. He was simply authorised to pass through the German lines with a safe conduct, to discuss the matter with General Leman, or even with the King himself.

This task of the burgomaster of Liège was a heavy one, and terrible was the expectant attitude of the German authorities. Later, some people have discussed the attitude he should have taken up and conceived the nature of what

should have been his reply; they would have desired words of defiance on his lips and an immediate answer.

He lacked courage for this, and who will dare to-day to blame him for the immense anxiety he felt on hearing of the horrible fate with which his beloved town and his unhappy fellow-citizens were threatened?

He gathered together at the Town Hall several communal and provincial deputies, some deputies and senators. The general opinion at the beginning of the discussion was that it was necessary to obtain the surrender of the forts. Someone pointed out that there was not much likelihood of getting this decision from General Leman, who had already pronounced himself upon that question, and thought it would be necessary to continue the work heroically begun of arresting the progress of the invader, and that the forts, all intact, would powerfully contribute to that end.

It was finally decided to approach General Leman again with a message which was entrusted to the burgomaster, the Bishop of Liège, and M. Gaston Grégoire, permanent deputy. These gentlemen repaired to the citadel in search of the promised safe conduct. They were met there, according to the demand of Count Lammsdorf, by some prominent Liège citizens, to whom he had expressed his desire to explain the situation.

At the moment the three delegates were about to depart on their mission, with a good faith upon which it would be foolish to insist, the German commander declared that all the persons present were detained as hostages. He gave as a specious pretext for this violation of right that some German soldiers had been killed by civilians in some neighbouring villages, and that the hostages would enable the Germans to guard against the repetition of such acts, the more so as they were prepared to make a striking example at the beginning of the campaign.

All the Liège citizens who had entered the citadel on this day were kept there till the next day, Saturday. Moreover, the following persons were retained as responsible hostages for three days: 1. Mgr. Rutien, Bishop of Liège; 2. M. Kleyer, Burgomaster of Liège; 3. M. Grégoire, Permanent Deputy; 4. M. Armand Flechet, Senator; 5. Senator Van Zuylen; 6. Senator Edouard Peltzer;

7. Senator Colleaux; 8. Deputy De Ponthière; 9. Deputy Van Hoegaerden; 10. M. Falloise, Alderman.

The hostages were shut up in damp casemates, palliasses were given them for the night and, as food, the first day each one had half a loaf and some water. The burgomaster and the bishop were, however, allowed to go about their duties after they had given their parole to remain at the disposal of the German military authorities.

The same day at 9 a.m. the last train left Liège for Brussels with numbers of fugitives. The number of persons who abandoned Liège and its suburbs may be calculated at some five thousand. From this moment and for several days Liège was absolutely cut off from the rest of the world, all communications having been cut.

On Saturday, August 8th, while the Germans were methodically organising the occupation of Liège, Burgomaster Kleyer was authorised to wait upon the King, in order to discuss the surrender of the forts. Furnished with a safe conduct and accompanied by a German officer, he reached Waremme early in the afternoon, and placed himself in communication with the General Staff. The King was consulted, and the reply brought back to Liège was the one the mayor had foreseen.

The same day saw the appearance of the following order of the day addressed to the soldiers of the army of Liège:—

"Our comrades of the 3rd Army Division and of the 15th mixed brigade are about to re-enter our lines, after having defended, like heroes, the fortified position of Liège.

"Attacked by forces four times as numerous, they have repulsed all assaults. None of the forts have been taken; the town of Liège is always in our power. Standards and a number of prisoners are the trophies of these combats. In the name of the Nation, I salute you, officers and soldiers of the 3rd Army Division and the 15th mixed brigade.

"You have done your duty, done honour to our arms, shown the enemy what it costs to attack unjustly a peaceable people, but one who wields in its just cause an in-

vincible weapon. The Fatherland has the right to be proud of you.

"Soldiers of the Belgian Army, do not forget that you are in the van of immense armies in this gigantic struggle, and that you await but the arrival of our brothers-in-arms in order to march to victory. The whole world has its eyes fixed upon you. Show it by the vigour of your blows that you mean to live free and independent.

"France, that noble country which has throughout history been associated with just and generous causes, is hurrying to our aid and her armies will enter our territory.

"In your name I address them a fraternal salute.

"ALBERT."

On this day the Germans, who were not yet sure as to the intentions of the Belgian field army, and who feared a possible offensive on the part of the French advanced guards, put Liège in a state of defence. Moreover, they distrusted the civilian population, and fortified themselves in the town itself. They placed machine guns at the head of the bridges, and upon one of them, Boverie, which they feared might be blown up, or might be bombarded by the forts, they placed a curtained recess in which they shut up several citizens. They caused the soldiers to occupy Quai des Pêcheurs, Quai l'Industrie, and the houses in proximity to the bridge, after clearing out the occupants. They placed bags of earth in the windows, behind which were installed machine guns. In the arteries leading to La Hesbaye and La Campine, and in the streets of the latter, they erected barricades, and installed themselves in the riverside houses. These labours continued during several days on the heights of Saint Nicholas and Hollogne, while the soldiers of the 10th Corps installed themselves on the plateau of Cointe, the General Staff having taken possession there of a convent, although this had been transformed into a hospital. In the town, the German troops, delayed for a short time by the necessity of carrying off their dead, shifting their wounded, and of taking a much-needed rest, entered in large numbers. They occupied the different stations, that of Ans on the Herbignon plateau being the last one where they established themselves.

On Sunday, September 6th, there were at Liège more

than 100,000 Germans. On this day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the hostages were given their unconditional liberty. On the same date, in the neighbourhood of Landen, the King, accompanied by the General Staff, reviewed the valiant and now reconstituted 3rd Division, reconstituted in spite of the heavy losses in officers suffered by certain regiments. General Leman received from M. Schollaert, President of the Belgian Chamber, the following telegram: "With a heart overflowing with enthusiasm and patriotic pride, I acclaim the glorious defender of Liège."

With reference to the defence of Liège, letters, despatches, and addresses of felicitation were received at Brussels from the Presidents of the French Chamber and the French Senate, from the Paris Municipal Council, and other French municipalities, words of friendship and encouragement were pronounced later in the British Parliament, while the King of the Belgians received the congratulations of King George, the Tsar, and the President of the French Republic. Finally, M. Poincaré sent him the most envied of distinctions, the military medal. The resistance of Liège had everywhere aroused grateful enthusiasm, for the days, and even the hours gained from the invader were now of inestimable value. But while the twelve forts were yet to harass, as far as they could, the progress of the enemy, Liège, whose hatred of the Prussian is ingrained, was to pay dearly for the resistance it had made, and its heart was to suffer cruelly over the vexations of which it was to be the object, while awaiting pillage and burning.

Here we enter upon a new period, which cannot, however, be separated from the siege of Liège, for at this time the forts still held out.

The forts still held out, but the resistance of their garrisons had to be heroic. The defences crumbled quite rapidly. We should not be surprised at this, but should rather remember that these forts were more than twenty years old. Their construction began in 1889, and their armament, though modified later in certain details, was not capable of resisting the heavy artillery of the Germans. Liège was defended by twelve forts, large and small. The most important works were Barchon, Fléron, Bon-

celles, Flémalle, Loncin, and Pontisse. These forts possessed five large cupolas and three or four small ones. They were armed with two guns of 15 centimetres, four of 12, two howitzers of 21, and three or four guns of 5·7, ten more of 5·7 flanking the ditches. The little forts counted upon four large and three or four small cupolas. They were armed with two pieces of 15, two of 12, a howitzer of 21, three or four guns, without cupola, of 5·7, and of seven or eight commanding the ditches. The forts are arranged around Liège in the following order:— On the left bank of the Meuse: Flémalle, Hollogne, Loncin, Lautin, and Pontisse. On the right bank, between the Meuse and the Vesdre: Barchon, Evegnée, and Fléron. Between the Vesdre and the Ourthe: Chaudfontaine and Embourg. Between the Ourthe and the Meuse: Boncelles. The forts are four kilometres apart, except Flémalle-Boncelles and Embourg-Pontisse, which are six kilometres apart, while Chaudfontaine and Embourg are only two kilometres from one another. The forts are eight kilometres from the limits of the town. The forts of Hollogne, Loncin, Lantin, and Liers are in grassy country. Boncelles is nearly completely surrounded by woods; Embourg and Chaudfontaine dominate the deep and winding valleys of the Ourthe and the Vesdre. Pontisse, Flémalle, and Barchon, commanding the Meuse, are on broken ground. This last-named fort, with Evegnée and Fléron, holds the most important strategic position in the Herve country, facing the German frontier, in a land cut up by meadows planted with trees and by little woods, traversed by many vales, not very deep, but winding.

It is known that in the Brialmont project the intervening spaces were to be defended and fortified with siege artillery. To tell the truth, the eminent military engineer, in the pamphlets where he set out the project, only allowed for a small mobile garrison, but he confessed later that the difficulties which he knew he would meet with in the Belgian Parliament over the credits for the fortifications made him under-estimate the number of men required. Besides which, the conditions of war have been greatly modified during the twenty-five years which have passed, owing to the increased power of siege guns. So that it may be laid

down that 80,000, if not 100,000, men were needed to properly defend the entrenched camp of Liège.

As for the forts, they were each occupied by a battery of artillery (250 men) and three companies (120 men), a total of 370 men. About 4,500 artillerymen for the twelve forts.

General Leman was shut up in Loncin, one of the chief forts, which commanded the road towards Waremme and Brussels. He had sent away all his General Staff with the division, in spite of the supplications of his officers, who begged to be allowed to share his fate. He continued to direct the longest resistance possible. The enemy was anxious to cut all the communications between the forts, but soldiers volunteered for carrying messages to the different commanders. Several succeeded, but many were killed, for the investment became steadily tightened. Indeed, certain gaps, where the ground was most broken, could not be swept by the guns from the forts, and, under cover of the night, troops ensconced themselves there comfortably. Moreover, the Germans, having received reinforcements and heavy artillery, undertook the siege systematically, first of Barchon, which it was unable to take by storm any more than Boncelles, but which it subjected to a formidable deluge of shells. Barchon could only reply haphazard to heavy guns the position of which it could not tell. It was, indeed, deprived of its observation posts, and was in the position of a blind man desperately parrying the blows of an adversary who could see where to strike.

The struggle was not for long, and the fort, reduced to impotence, left a wide breach through which the invader scrambled. Through there he could also introduce his heavy siege guns, howitzers of 28, and even pieces of 42 cms.

The enemy then followed a tactic which was to succeed rapidly. He attacked the different fortifications in a reverse way. Thus Loncin, Lantin, Liers, and Pontisse were bombarded by batteries placed in the citadel itself and to which the Belgians could not reply without shelling the town and doing frightful damage. A battery was also placed in a bend of ground up Rue Naniot, under the "Tomb," where some of those who fell in 1830 are buried, but it was

discovered and had to be withdrawn. Forts Boncelles and Embourg were attacked by guns placed on the hill at Tilff, a pretty village, which would have been completely destroyed had the firing been responded to. Finally, along the line of the plateau of Herve, no longer dominated by Barchon and Fléron, now destroyed, the enemy was able to bring into the very centre of the town four of those howitzers of 42 cms. which were later to bombard Namur, Maubeuge, and Antwerp.

The following are the dates on which the different forts succumbed: Barchon and Evegnée fell on August 9th. Right from the 5th they had not ceased to be the object of continual attacks. They had valiantly resisted repeated assaults and field artillery. The heavy pieces poured in a hurricane of fire.

Pontisse, which had so usefully barred the passage of the enemy below Visé, did not give way till the 12th. On the 13th Embourg surrendered after a twenty-six hours' bombardment.

The same day saw the fall of Chaudfontaine and Nameche, where two accidents happened worthy of being related. A shell burst on a cupola gun as it was finishing its movement after being loaded. The whole gun was shattered and ten men were wounded. A little while after, a shell entered the fort through the embrasure and set fire to the powder magazine. One hundred and ten artillerymen were terribly burned, fifty dying upon the spot. The 14th saw the fall of Boncelles, Liers, and Fléron. Boncelles from the 5th had offered an admirable resistance. Commandant Lefert had been wounded on the 8th, when 200 Germans, presenting themselves to surrender, treacherously fired upon him. Suffering greatly, he none the less went on directing the defence until his officers met together in a kind of council of war, and had him taken away in an ambulance. The unfortunate man was seized by a fever and became delirious. Boncelles was bombarded unceasingly for a whole day and the following morning. It was nearly destroyed, and may be considered as the fort which was the centre of the worst carnage of German soldiers. The enormous heaps of dead buried around it bear witness to the fact. Liers was put out of action by guns installed at Sainte Walburge.

To get the better of the obstinate resistance of Fléron (Commandant Mozin), the Germans united twenty guns by an electric battery and fired them all off at the same time upon the fort, which trembled in its massive foundations. No one can have an idea of how demoralising this rain of projectiles was. On the 15th, Loncin and Lantin fell, the defenders firing until they were overcome by asphyxia. On the 16th, it was the turn of Flémalle, and on the 18th, of Hollogne.

We know that it was at Loncin, which dominated the roads of La Hesbaye, where General Leman was shut up. Commandant Naessens and Lieutenant Monard had the honour of defending the fort under the General's eyes. Electrified by the presence of the governor of the fortress, the soldiers of Loncin wrote with their blood the most heroic page of the heroic defence of Liège. Commandant Naessens modestly narrated the story when he had been wounded and transported to the military hospital of Saint Laurent. General Leman has also *résuméd* the different phases of the attack, while a prisoner at Magdeburg. We will listen to his clear and crisp recital.

He distinguishes four periods during the bombardment. The first commenced on August 14th at 4.15 p.m. The shell fire, directed with great exactitude, lasted two hours without interruption. After a break of half-an-hour, some 21-centimetre guns opened fire. All night, at intervals of ten minutes, they rained shells upon the fort, causing it considerable damage. The escarpment was damaged, the protecting walls of the left flank battery destroyed, and the shutters of the windows pierced. Another unfavourable circumstance was that all the places of the escarpment where shelter could be obtained were full of smoke from the shells which had burst either in the protecting wall or in the ditches. The deleterious gases rendered it impossible to stand in the covered places, and forced the General to assemble the garrison in the interior and in the gallery. Even in these refuges the stupefying effects of the gases allowed themselves to be felt, and weakened the fighting value of the garrison.

The third period of bombardment began on the 15th at 5.30 a.m. and continued until two o'clock in the afternoon. The projectiles caused fearful havoc. The vault of the commanding post, where General Leman was present

with his two adjutants, was subjected to furious shocks, and the fort trembled to its foundations. Towards two o'clock, a lull occurred in the firing, and the general took advantage of it to inspect the fort. He found part of it completely in ruins.

The fourth period is described as follows : " It was two o'clock when the bombardment recommenced with a violence of which no idea can be given. It seemed to us as if the German batteries were firing salvoes. When the large shells fell we heard the hissing of the air, which gradually increased into a roar like a furious hurricane, and which finished by a sudden noise of thunder. At a certain moment of this formidable bombardment, I wished to reach the commanding post in order to see what was happening, but at the end of a few paces in the gallery I was knocked down by a shock of violent air and fell face forward. I got up and wished to continue my way, but I was held back by a current of poisonous air which invaded the whole space. It was a mixture of the gas from the exploded powder and of the smoke of a fire which had started in the rooms of the troops where furniture and bedding were kept.

" We were thus driven back to the place whence we had come, but the air had become unbreathable. We were near to being asphyxiated when my adjutant, Major Collard, had the idea of taking off the top of the shutter, which gave us a little air. I was, however, obsessed by the idea of placing part of the garrison in safety, and I told my comrade I desired to reach the counter escarpment. I managed to pass the gap and reach the ditch, which I crossed. What was my amazement when I perceived that the fort was blown up, and that the front was strewn with ruins, forming a quay reaching from the escarpment to the counter-escarpment. Some soldiers were running to and fro upon it. I took them for Belgian gendarmes and called to them. But I was being suffocated, giddiness seized upon me, and I fell to the ground. When I came to, I found myself in the midst of my comrades, who tried to come to my aid. Among them was a German major, who gave me a glass of water to drink. As I learnt afterwards, it was then about 6.30 p.m. I was placed in an ambulance carriage and transported to Liège.

" I was taken, but I had not yet surrendered."

# Germanism in America

By S. Perez Triana

The founders of the Republic, the framers of the national institutions in the United States, had that prescience of the future which Providence seems to bestow, sparingly and on rare occasions, on the great artificers of history. In launching the ship of the nation on the sea of time, they could have said as the national poet, in later days:—

> "Sail on, Oh Union, strong and great,
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

They scanned the anxious horizon, darkened with the gathering clouds of impending disaster, and they uttered their warning:

> "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican Government."—Washington, Farewell Address, September 17th, 1796.

What those founders of the nation principally feared was the extension of "the systems of Europe" to the Continent of America. Those systems appeared to them as the seeds of disturbance, or perhaps rather as the germs of contamination. Untrammelled by tradition and privilege, deep-rooted in the centuries and incarnate in the law and the custom of the land, the new American Republic was free to advance unhindered in the path of history; it stood primarily and essentially for liberty and democracy; it would attempt the great experiment within its own borders, without interfering with development of other nations on the Continent. There was one fundamental limitation to that policy of isolation which, within a few years, it became imperative to proclaim to the European Powers, namely, that any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of the American hemisphere would be viewed by the United States as "dangerous to their peace and safety."

The danger signalled was of an international character, that is to say, from one nation to another; only as such could it cross the seas and seek to penetrate the sacred precincts of the Republic. Human foresight, however, in this case, has proved wanting by the test of time; human vision, even when lit by a spark of prophecy, seldom, if ever, divines the possibilities of the future beyond the elements, actual or potential, within its ken. Napoleon himself could not have framed hypothetical plans of strategy to meet the wireless or the submarine. The luckiest of prophets, at best, but gropes in the vagueness of possibilities, such as he can conceive them.

That baneful foreign influence could only emanate from parliaments, Cabinets, Courts, or Governments, and naturally, from the castes, classes, and institutions acting through their medium.

The transformations which occurred during the nineteenth century would appear to require a revision of the safeguards devised after the warning of the great ancestors. Humanity had waxed restless; the old homes had become narrow; like the birds of heaven men betook themselves away from their native soil in quest of other skies; they went forth, not as conquerors, but as pilgrims; they sought solely to better their condition; they brought with them to the new lands, empty of humanity and bountiful in resources, from which wealth incalculable would flow, if only touched by the hand of man, the training of an old civilisation, and the purpose of a new life.

Such a peaceful migration of humanity, decade after decade, swelling into millions, had never before occurred in the history of the race.

It started at the appointed hour of destiny, for the fulfilment on the new Continent of that experiment in liberty, as if it were a poem on a blank page of history, which had been lying dormant in the lap of the Gods since the beginning of Time.

During those decades of expansion, seething with prosperity, did it occur to any of the watchers on the high towers of statesmanship, or to the sentinels of public vigilance in the Press or on the rostrum, to scrutinise the irrepressible influx of humanity flowing into the land? Did any one of them see in that new manifestation of the forces of life

aught that might require a new adjustment of the established principles, so that, for humanity, the ship of the nation "strong and great" might still sail on "with all the hopes of future years"? Or were the seers and the watchers, proud and placid in the sunshine of power, content to see that, as the goblet of empire grew, Fate poured into it ever new streams of alien wine? Have "the insidious wiles of foreign influence" penetrated into the national organism, and if so, do they menace and endanger those ideals, luminous with hope, for which the nation was founded, and for which it stands in the conscience of men? The question is apposite to the conflict of the present hour; it is open to every man, whatever may be the place of his birth; the issues are not local, nor even limited to the American Continent; they affect the destinies of the World.

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Of the neutrals the United States are the only one that matters. Their attitude was a surprise to Germany, which grew into bitter disappointment; bitterness has turned to anger akin to hatred, that brooks no passivity. It was bad enough that Irishmen—after all Celts, and unreliable—should have put their feuds aside; that Italy left her Allies in the lurch; that the Boers should fight for and not against Briton; that India should send her legions to swell the British armies; that the spell of the Crescent should have failed to kindle the Holy War; that Belgium and Serbia—ah, those small nations, may they all be accursed for ever!—should have proved adamant instead of clay; but that after such fond nursing the United States should yield solely a harvest of thorns, is something beyond endurance, which must be resented and remedied at any cost.

And a voice from Berlin sweeps across the ocean like a trumpet blast; it is the command of the Master; it strikes the atavistic idiosyncrasies of submission; the Master instantly reconquers the fealty of his wanderers; one, two, three generations in the atmosphere of liberty, will not remould the character kneaded into blind obedience throughout the countless centuries. The guileless Republic, so trusting in the love of the weary, foot-sore, and hungry outcasts whom she crowned with the rights of citizenship, and to whom she threw open the gates of power and of

wealth, is thrust aside as an empty shell. The Vaterland reasserts her supremacy: *Deutschland über Alles in der Welt*, such is the cry of the reawakened German soul after a short dream of freedom. . . . Bah! Such nonsense.

Thus the Voice:—

"Your numbers are millions. You are neither intruders nor idlers in the land. Your brain and your muscle have helped to erect the mighty structure of its prosperity. You have trekked the desert, climbed the summits, explored the rivers and the lakes, felled the forests, built the cities, and in the hour of strife shed your blood on a thousand battle-fields. You have paid for your rights with the sweat of your brow and the blood of your veins, than which no better right exists. You are the forerunners of Empire—of the German Empire. You carry in your very bones the glorious Teutonic traditions, the undying spark of Teutonic virtue, fidelity and loyalty—*Deutsche Treue*, *Deutsche Ehre*, the stamp of our superior race. The world belongs to us. The hour has struck when you must do your duty to the Fatherland.

"You have the vote. It is Thor's hammer. Furthermore, remember that you are dealing with an inferior people. The Anglo-American is nothing but a transplanted Englishman, only more so. Did he not risk his very national existence to 'free the negro'? Does the admixture of Irish, Russian, Italian, Dago, and the rest, and of the self-same negro, improve the woeful conglomerate? Ply the vote like a weapon; impose submission on the recalcitrant Executive. After victory, we shall Germanise the Continent and crush to atoms under our mailed fist the alleged Monroe talisman, so long and so irritatingly in our way. *Vorwärts marsch!*"

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The founders of the Republic did not provide for the attack from the enemy inside the walls; their foresight did not encompass the possibility that the very right of the vote, wherein lies the consecration of human dignity and the safeguard of justice, should come to prove a dagger to stab the Republic in the back.

The laws of the Republic have limitations not expressed in their written clauses, but inherent in their spirit and

inviolable, if the constitution and the laws are to stand. Liberty and democracy, "the Government of the people, for the people, and by the people," are the essential and unalterable foundations of the nation's life.

The present world conflict involves the issues of liberty and democracy as against privilege and despotism. Prussia and her satellites stand for a privileged military caste, and for a system of government and administration hostile to all the conceptions of the founders of the Republic. Prussianism is the very negation of all their hopes and ideals.

The vote as a birthright, or acquired at a later period, is rigidly restricted within the fundamental principles of the institutions. It has solely the welfare of the nation for its scope. To foster or to promote the interests of a foreign despotism by means of the vote granted, in honour, by the Republic for the defence of liberty, is a labour of treason; to use that vote as a weapon of coercion to make traitors of others, is to adopt the tactics of blackmail.

The present upheaval that stirs the world to its foundations has revealed an internal danger for the United States compared to which the War of Secession was as harmless as a peal of thunder in the distance, for even if the nation had been rent in twain the fundamental orientations would have survived in the sections. But to-day Prussianism has its servants inside the temple of the Republic. They wear the garb of priests of the nation, and they take their orders from Berlin.

The people of the United States will certainly prove to the world in this hour of trial, fraught with the issues of life and death to the cause of liberty, that "the insidious wiles of foreign influence" will not prevail. They will not be overawed, or cajoled by the Teutons in their midst; they will not bend the submissive knee to Potsdam, and they will show themselves worthy of the trust which Providence placed in their hands. Humanity is hanging breathless on the issue.

# Trench Life

## By a Sub.

They lie on their backs, flung one across the other, like two half-empty corn-sacks, deeply layered with the grey-green dust of the explosion, and so pale, so sunken that to the inexperienced eye they might have been dead for days instead of minutes. Their toil-roughened hands, wide-thrown in the fall or gently folded on the breast as though by some comrade's pitying care, seem waxen-white and strangely small; altogether, in fact, these forms, which less than a quarter of an hour ago were laughing, have just the unreal, calculated look of waxworks that have never been alive. Even the dark crimson trickle curving from the nostril of one of them, and already caked dry—the only visible sign of violent death—appears to have been streaked there by the brush of some too clever artist, whose discreet cunning, by its very reticence, utterly fails to convince. Above them, slung from a cross-beam, dust-smothered too, hangs the hollow carcase of the pig which they were scouring when they fell, and at the other end of the barn there still smoulder the embers of the fire they had lit for roasting it, now hastily trodden out. It was the simple striking of a match to kindle it against orders that was their death. Merrily the tufts of straw caught and crackled into heavy volutes of blue smoke; there was no chimney, no window that could betray them to the enemy—where was the harm? If they had been going to shell the farm in the hope of accounting for the Colonel and his carefully hidden staff, they would have begun long ago. Unfortunately, the troop-cooks had failed to notice that a tile was missing from the gable—and a moment later the shell had arrived, one only, as though conscious of its sufficiency, drilling the wall waist-high as neatly as a rifle-bullet, and by some uncanny chance, as truly aimed.

"Gave their lives for their country"—killed while drawing a pig! Is there not something voluntary in giving,

some implied consent, that ill accords with such mere passive destruction—just the mechanical, motiveless erasure, with neither choice nor glory, of two foolish, natural men?

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Why be at pains in days like these to load one's conscience with gratuitously disingenuous altruism? Deny it who may, there is a wickedly Lucretian satisfaction in idly watching beyond the window-pane the swift, thronging fall of ragged-edged snowflakes that slant streaming downwards in fleeting, inexhaustible succession and almost tangible silence, instantly rusting into slush as their flat surface kisses the thawing ground. Already, though it is only lunch-time, the cast-iron bowl of the stove that projects buttress-like into the room is glowing a pure orange, and after thirty-six hours of return to civilisation the Squadron mess is still piled with the contents of a week's accumulated parcels. On the slippery American cloth that covers the table an incongruous assortment of absurd delicacies, from caviare to crystallised violets, jostles, in true British fashion, sodden potatoes and beef burnt to the texture of india-rubber. On the mantelpiece, window-ledge, wherever one looks, are stacked beautifully planed and finished boxes, clumps of smug little polished tins, which, when emptied of their too-elaborate dainties, will surely rumble, if held shell-like to the ear, authentic echoes of Piccadilly.

Small blame if these seem for the time being to stand for what is best worth having in this world. In the misspent ingenuity of these foolish trifles there is balm for nerves more jangled than their owners, even here where super-frankness is the rule, would care to admit—healing in complete surrender to the gross refinements of material ease. Ten days of rest assured! Limp trails of cigarette-smoke wreathe the feast; scoured and renewed, the half-dozen officers dream in lazy contentment. The tedious fatigues are over, the billets cleaned, paths of broken brick and gravel laid across the mire, every horse under cover, and the men as comfortable as care and experience can make them—a degree rudimentary enough, it is true. Ten days of rest. . . .

"Have some Grand Marnier?" Golden-brown as a

trout-stream over shingle, the southern-scented essence slides into the coarse glasses. The clink of bottle on rim chimes with the rattled spurs of a headquarter orderly, purple-cheeked and stippled with melting white, who hands the Squadron Leader a folded paper. No sound save a crisp flutter as the officer spreads the flimsy sheet. No change in his expression save a straightening of the mouth-line as his lips set together like stretched elastic.

"Saddle up—turn out at once! We're for the trenches. . . . Sergeant-Major!"

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They have been digging almost till the late, dreary dawn, for entrenching-tools were not available till after midnight—the subaltern and nine men, a sparse handful of stark humanity flung down at random, you would say, a couple of hundred yards in advance of their Squadron, in the middle of stiff ploughland, already methodically diapered yesterday by the enemy, every fifteen yards, with shell-holes, great and small, like the spots on an old-fashioned veil. Digging with grim, grudging concentration to the soft whirr of stray bullets flitting bat-like this way and that, savagely scraping, fighting the flinty soil till by the queer chemistry of labour fatigue has nearly passed out of their aching bones, now feelingless; pausing only for muttered, murderous bickerings over an interchange of pick and shovel, or to gulp icy draughts of doubtful water drawn from the shell of a demolished cottage near by—for there is no time to waste in noticing the glare and shouting away on the right, where a hill-throned townlet has twice been taken and retaken since dusk. Openly mutinous at times, in their insolently confident ignorance of high explosives, punctiliously anxious to know whether they are to be kept working all night after having been marched about all day. There is no sergeant at hand to support the young officer's authority, for he, too, equally isolated on a flank, has been burrowing with the remainder of the troop a couple of fields away. Nothing but outright bullying of the rougher element has saved the situation, the subaltern inwardly marvelling with the curious aloofness of crisis at the unguessed harshness of his own voice.

Now, in the creeping winter daylight, save for the troop-leader, too tightly keyed with weariness, only the half-

dozing sentries are awake. Réveille: the first shell flops with a thud halfway across the field behind them. In a moment the hurricane follows, its margin leaping capriciously, shuttlecock fashion, from side to side of the double half-moon slot in the ground, but drawing always closer. Impossible to raise a head, to do anything save crouch and pitilessly flatten body on cramped body. "A tellt ye thon God-damned parapet wis too high—it's dthrawn their bloody fire." "Ay, they've got the range, lad." "Not 'arf." There is little enough to cheer in the whispered repartee of these men gripped in powerless immobility, muffled for no reason save a reverential hush of unsolaced dread—the sheer, unreasoning horror of annihilation, an imperious, elemental quailing wholly distinct from fear of death. The walls of their narrow grave quiver ominously, acrid blasts scorch the men's eyes and nostrils, while tiny runnels of dry earth trickle down in tremulous cascades and settle in their necks. There is an added dreadfulness in the utter isolation of this little earthly hell; the subaltern knows that it is only a temporary position, that the regiment is due to retire at any moment, but no order can reach him across the sundering zone, which, if he knew it, a messenger sent to recall him has already refused to risk. How long is he to hang on? What is he to do? Pray for the grace of willing sacrifice for himself and his men, who cannot move without him? As the certainty of death becomes more indelibly sure, resolving itself merely into the alternatives of being blown skywards or buried under a trampled mole-hill, prayer for an ungrudging spirit seems the sole anchorage of reason. No time now for a drowning man's vision of bygone scenes or the telepathy of love; the hour demands, admits, nothing save a relentless tension of every faculty towards a generous will, and mercifully commands at least the effort, if not the whole result. Thump, and a gasp of stifled pain—the rifle of the double-bent sentry has been shattered at the breech in his hands. A crack that dents the numbed brains underneath—the stout door on which the three-foot pile of overhead cover rests has been split from end to end. Next time—yes, next time will be the last.

"Oh, sir, I'm wounded!" The trooper, who had raised his head for an instant, falls back upon the subaltern, with

blood gushing thickly from his scalp. It is the turn of physical sickness now. "Sir! Sir!" The end man has swiftly peered over the traverse. "The other section's gone!" Gone? The subaltern forces his way across the humped, breathing bodies and looks into the empty trench. . . . Well, there is no point in staying now. "Retire!"

As he scrambles out in rear of his four remaining men, two sound and two wounded, but all of them grey-cheeked under their stubble and deep-scored with newly bitten lines of anguish, the deliverance of escaping into the freedom of the reeling, death-shot air is like a taste of paradise itself.

* * * * * *

Trotting at the head of the Squadron exercise-party that clatters through the straggling village, with shouted greetings to loitering comrades on the Staff or frowsy girls boldly elbowing each other in ramshackle cottage-windows, the subaltern carelessly wonders why that knot of men from his own regiment is waiting under the drooping, rain-bleached pennant that marks the entrance to Brigade Headquarters. Then, as the group rattles to attention at the sergeant's sharp command, he remembers that a court martial is to sit that morning, and in a flash his mind's eye sees the prisoner's moonlike face as plainly as though he stood before him. It is more than a year now since the pale-eyed, cunningly vacant slum-brat, heart-breakingly foredoomed by-product of countless social injustices, was posted to his troop from the depôt, to be transferred, after a first conviction two months later for desertion, to another Squadron. Thankful indeed he was at the time to be rid of so irredeemably unpromising a piece of human material, to whom theft, lying, and curious forms of uncleanness were as natural, as involuntary as breathing. But now he is troubled by an accusing sense of linked destinies, of a shared responsibility for the corner-boy's impending fate. True, he had little enough power to mend him, and none to grant the return to freedom that a second attempt to disappear within six months, for which he was serving sentence when the regiment sailed, imposed as his one chance of escaping catastrophe. Yet the subaltern cannot free himself from the knowledge that he is part, an accomplice, microscopic but indissoluble, of the colossal system whose unswerving weight the half-formed lad has doomed

himself once and for all to experience in full. Asleep at his post in the trenches—the inevitable triumph of exhausted senses without moral to assist or resist them—he must pay for lacking what he never could have had.

"Owing to the frequency with which similar cases have of late occurred, the Commander-in-Chief is unable to confirm the recommendation to mercy of the Court in the case of Private Blank"—so, a few days later, the regimental order runs. And the machine that feels, but must not, dare not, pity, rolls augustly on, guiltless and terrible.

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The rising floods have changed from promontory to isle the osier-bed, now almost submerged, that fills an angle of the tiny roadside stream. Already fringed with throbbing orange-red as though blood-steeped, the sharply etched network of interlacing shoots doubles itself to bewildering infinity in the currentless pool, and you must look with a familiar eye if you would distinguish amid the mazy criss-cross the humble mark—two whittled withies roughly lashed together like the symbol grasped by the infant Baptist of an Italian Primitive—which tells that one of your own kind, lately quick and sentient as yourself, lies here. Who was he—friend or enemy? How did he pass—in writhing or in resignation, hatred or charity, or mere short-snapped unawareness, with an unfinished sentence on his tongue? Not half a season has passed since the hasty turning of the clods, yet perhaps there is now no living soul who could say. Already the boughs that were hacked and parted to give him room have pushed forward to meet each other again, roofing him with their slender, unfilled spandrels, and the comrades who lowered him with sorrow or indifferent, circumstantial pity may every one of them be rotting now in just such a casual bourne. Possibly there was one, more closely knit to him than the rest, who pencilled the spot on his map that some devoted, foolish woman might afterwards be able to seek it out—and the loyal record has been obliterated for ever by a single downpour.

# The War and Culture

By Albert Rawlinson

"An effect is an unfailing index of the amount of cause." There takes place merely a metamorphosis of the one into the other—there is the essential identity under a different aspect. Goodness transmutes itself into beauty; insanitation and uncleanliness into diseases and plagues; injustice into revolutions, slavery and war; sin into misery and despair. The ordered steps by which this metamorphosis is effected furnish to us a revelation of truth. The causes of the present stupendous conflict cannot, therefore, have been casual. This complete breakdown in our civilisation is a sure admonition that there is something radically wrong in our fundamental conception of culture.

The events of last August were the occasion merely of a catastrophe which was fated to occur under existing conditions sooner or later. Germany may have been exclusively responsible for deliberately fanning the spark which caused the explosion, but all the great Powers of Europe share an equal responsibility for the existence of conditions under which such an explosion might momentarily occur.

"To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace" is an oft-quoted misquotation, and, like most other proverbs, sacrifices a complete accuracy to conciseness.

Manifestly, it is as futile to argue about armaments unless their nature * is defined as it would be to argue about a line, a spot, or an angle—without first defining the nature of each.

Europe has armed herself to the teeth, but no nation has defined the nature of its armaments. Each one of them has falsely assumed that its own armaments represent the sublime ideal of justice with a drawn sword; in the arma-

* The term "nature" is employed throughout this article in its original and active sense as "Natura naturans," not in its modern and passive sense of "Natura naturata."

ments of its rivals it has seen only a sword uncontrolled by any principles of justice—an entirely diabolical instrument.

Competition in armaments was the inevitable result of an atmosphere fraught with distrust. The ultimate explosion was bound to occur sooner or later; an increased preparedness on the part of this or that State would not have obviated the effect; it could only have altered the occasion and perhaps the circumstances.

Confidence may be a plant of slow growth, but it is not an impossible creation. In countless matters of life and death it is frequently established in less years than a lifetime. Confidence is the outcome of fixed principles (an impossibility otherwise), and there has existed no fixed principle in our diplomatic treatment of international disputes such as could definitely establish our armaments as representative of justice rather than its opposite.

On the contrary, we have assumed the impossible—that a nation can, not only be sincere, but also impartial in matters relating to its own interests and prejudices. This country was doubtless sincere both in the case of the Crimean and the Boer Wars, but the judgment of posterity is tending to question in both instances the justice and the wisdom of the course that was pursued. Yet we still patriotically cling to the illusion that Great Britain is invariably the champion of right against might, and are astonished to observe that we have failed entirely to establish a like confidence in the minds of neutral nations:—

> "The lion's paw is all the law
> According to J.B.
> That's fit for you and me,"

is the view of our policy expressed by so friendly an American critic as Lowell, and in the present crisis we are confronted with the fact that, though our action and attitude have been eminently straightforward and unimpeachable, yet we suffer from unfounded innuendoes which throw on them the taint of doubt and suspicion.

But so long as there exists no settled principle definitely determining the nature of our armaments, so long, in short, as their use or abuse remains subject to waves of fluctuating and sometimes passionate public opinion, no other result need be expected. Moreover, the conscientious will always object to the forging of an instrument of defence which in

practice is liable to abuse, and this risk seriously impairs our national unanimity.

The sole expedient which can define our armaments as instruments of pure justice, and deprive them of all suggestion of aggression, is the established principle that their use is definitely limited to such occasions only when arbitration is refused, and for such time only as the refusal to arbitrate is persisted in.

Neutral nations are a kind of contemporaneous posterity, and there is no sound reason to suppose that an international court of justice would fail either in acumen or in a sense of duty.

There can be free trade in justice, just as there is free trade in commerce even in the absence of reciprocity; and if we have faith, as we assert, in the merits of arbitration, there can be no valid excuse for neglecting to make a permanent and open offer of this expedient on set and just terms to all nations whether the same be immediately reciprocated or not.

Justice has an intrinsic value of its own, and should not be made conditional upon a bargained exchange.

How different, indeed, would be our position at the present time had this principle of practical justice been firmly established as the settled policy of Great Britain during the past half-century.

It has frequently been observed that the moral sense of a nation is on a higher plane than the moral sense of an individual or a class; and, despite the acrimony of the moment, we are still compelled to the conclusion that the unity and enthusiasm that exist in Germany to-day are the effect, not of any undue moral obliquity in its people, but rather of a profound conviction that their country is in the right and their enemies the aggressors. We can admire the qualities of steadfastness and self-sacrifice in the German people even while we abhor the ideals of their rulers and the type of Government that has employed a system of education to enslave the opinion of an entire race.

A settled principle of arbitration consistently pursued during the past thirty years, though combined with adequate measures of defence, would have been the true reply to the German menace of aggression. Besides setting a notable example of the ideal of justice it would have estab-

lished such a confidence in the policy of this country that so gross a misapprehension in the popular opinion of Germany would have been impossible, and the false allegations of diplomats would have recoiled on their own heads.

Accusations of aggression and oppression would be impossible against a nation which had consistently been ready to arbitrate on just terms any matter of dispute. In consequence of the quite contrary policy pursued in the past, arbitration at this stage is impracticable; but if the opportunity for it should hereafter arise, who can doubt that the award in favour of the Allies, and the condemnation that would be pronounced against Germany would amply fulfil every just aim we have in view.

It is German militarism rather than the German nation which we are attacking, and an independent and crushing condemnation of its methods by an impartial tribunal would probably achieve our purpose more effectually and more permanently than the force of guns and bayonets.

Once the principle of arbitration was established as the basis of any country's international policy, the rejection of such offer of practical justice would very rapidly come to constitute the one and only cause and occasion of war; the incident in dispute would assume a minor importance, and peace itself would always remain within arm's length even after hostilities had commenced.

It doubtless would have profoundly surprised the old Romans of the Empire to have been told that their civilisation was doomed to destruction as a consequence of the system of slavery, of which they so highly approved. But such is the considered verdict of history, which can trace the countless ill-effects of its soul-destroying disregard of the principles of justice.

It is well, then, to consider at this time whether a like disregard of justice is not in fact the dominating cause of the breakdown of our civilisation to-day. Bloated armaments uncontrolled by any fixed principles of right and wrong stand out very clearly as the hideous creators of this vast and terrible disaster.

Justice, though armed with a sword, is the highest measure of human utility, and the nation of destiny must needs harness its fortune to the stars—to Justice, to Truth, and to Beauty.

A false philosophy from Germany has misrepresented the law of nature in this respect, alleging that it is the ferocious and the relentless who are victorious in the struggle for existence. But "the red in tooth and claw" only survived so long as they served a vicarious utility in developing the intelligence of man, the swiftness of the horse, the agility of the antelope. These purposes served, the lion and tiger are joining the armour-plated monsters of the prehistoric past in extinction.

Plagues and pestilences have served a like purpose in the development of our evolution. Their ruthless discipline was the instrument employed by nature to impress on our minds the laws of health and sanitation. This utility served, these scourges are ceasing to occur, and will shortly become, like the prehistoric monsters, mere milestones in our records of the past.

Nature has been most truly and beautifully symbolised in the idol of the Sphinx—the countenance denies the apparent cruelty of the talons. These are emblematical of the thorns of life, which though falsely regarded as the inevitable accompaniments of our existence, are, in fact, but temporary evils designed for the education and elevation of mankind—they cease to occur when they have outlived this use. It is because this is so that the art of nature is the secret art of love and not of cruelty.

But, like children, we fail to grasp that love is never fond, but rather a passionate outreaching of the soul towards beauty, so that nature's discipline, however stern, is never cruel, because purposed for and achieving this supreme end.

Nature's art is progressive and directed to the consummation of beauty, justice, and charity; attributes of indestructible utility and of immortal existence. Justice, not tyranny, is destined to survive.

Of this truth the history of the fruitful and flowering trees, in the book of life, is a conclusive example. They secured and have ensured for themselves a permanent existence by virtue of their utility. The angiosperms bore or secreted nourishment for the insect and animal world, who, in return, so widely distributed their seed and their pollen as to effect a complete transformation in the character of our earth, thus preparing it as a habitation for man.

Cosmic history thus very clearly demonstrates that utility in its highest sense, not ferocity, is the law of life; co-operation, not competition; free trade, and not protection. If, then, we arm ourselves with a sword, that sword must be the sword of pure justice—never the sword of aggression.

Nor is it surprising that of recent years so different a conception of nature and of life should have dominated German culture. Just as a fanatical Puritanism in the time of the Commonwealth led to a total reaction in the days of the Restoration, so a fanatical idealism in the days of Goethe and Kant led to the reaction of materialism in Germany in the first half of the nineteenth century. The success of the Franco-German War, and the economic prosperity that followed, and which was mistaken as its consequence, merely served to nurse and to exaggerate a popular confidence in this false ideal.

But if truth is our object we must judge by the centuries and not by the years and the moments. Inference from an individual and complicated example is always unreliable, the fundamental laws being difficult to disentangle. They must be disengaged, not from individual, but from specific phenomena—and the more primitive the phenomena the less risk is there of error in the deductions.

Modern German philosophers have precisely reversed these methods—they have sought to establish correct theories of life by the most elaborate and pedantic study of complicated phenomena. They have deserted and despised nature as a guide; they have sought to correct rather than to comprehend her principles, and in doing so have relied on the pedantic authority of their learned professors with the same self-assurance as our mediæval world relied on the authority of the Church.

And what has this much-vaunted method of German culture achieved during the last sixty years? It has produced no Darwin to give humanity an entirely new and truer conception of life; no Herbert Spencer to furnish it with saner ideas of the condition and progress of society; no Pasteur with a revelation of the fundamental character of disease; no Faraday to disclose the secret forces of electricity. It neither discovered the telegraph, the telephone, nor wireless telegraphy; it neither introduced anæs-

thetics nor antiseptic treatment. Modern German culture has for the most part spent itself in a fruitless straining after novelty, eccentricity, and sensation—and its chief triumphs have consisted in the application of the superior imagination of strangers to commercial and manufacturing uses. The isolation of a bacillus, and other similar achievements, however admirable, can sustain no comparison with those flights of the imagination which have opened up to the world an entirely new conception of nature and of life.

Yet while Plato, Newton, and Darwin, the giants of thought and of science, claimed to have been no more than faithful observers and interpreters of nature, mere children picking up from the seashore small pebbles of knowledge, the pedantic professors of modern Germany have extolled the supremacy of the human intellect, have acclaimed the superman, and have achieved nothing more remarkable than the mental chimera that has culminated in the present disaster, and has reduced the whole of Europe to a shambles. They have failed to realise that just as the sword is of no avail except as the instrument of justice, so science is no guide unless inspired by a passion for truth and beauty.

As an example of failure they doubtless are serving a much-needed utility—the same type of utility as the plagues and pestilences have served. But we must fully appreciate the whole import of the lesson in order to win from it an adequate compensation. It is quite insufficient to complain that the German system of culture is fundamentally wrong if we neglect to consider our own system from the same point of view. What, then, is the criterion of true culture? Neither German, French, nor British in origin, true culture is precisely the correspondence between the mind of man and the creative mind of nature. Not a correspondence in one direction only, but in every sphere of knowledge, the progress of moral culture being deeply dependent on the progress of economic, artistic, and hygienic culture.

It is only when the phenomenon of Genius is analysed that it can be fully appreciated how entirely the culture of the mind is an effect of the observation of nature. It is an indolent and uninspiring belief that conceives human genius to be merely a miraculous prenatal gift. If this were so there is no explanation whatever why this divine gift should

have been completely withheld during the many centuries of mediæval scholasticism, only once more to be lavished with profusion at the particular epoch when the rediscovery of ancient learning had restored the worship of nature.

It is impossible to believe that the long calendar of great artists, great poets, and great thinkers of the Renaissance and its succeeding centuries were accidents of purposeless chance, rather than the offspring of the wisdom and beauty of nature whose worship had thus spontaneously been revived.

Genius very clearly is the outcome of an insight into nature—an insight won from nature rather than her free dower at the time of birth.

The miraculous imagination of all the great poets, inventors, artists, and thinkers of the world has implied a deeper insight into nature than is possessed by ordinary mortals, the product of a profounder observation and thought—the fruit, as Carlyle said, "of the transcendental capacity of taking pains first of all."

Shakespeare behind his personal experience of life saw the laws that control human conduct and ambitions; Raphael behind the particular incarnations of beauty saw the laws that govern beauty; Newton behind the particular physical phenomenon saw the physical law that governs our universe; the Old Testament behind the particular history of the Jews reveals the laws that govern all history; the New Testament behind the particular narrative of Christ reveals the laws that govern moral culture. The masterpiece abstracts from specific examples a notion of the ideal. It is not a creation of the moment, but for all time.

Intensity of observation gives perception; from perception comes the vision of absolute beauty and truth, thence the passion and the power which we describe very truly as inspiration. It is no longer the man who speaks, writes, paints, or chisels, but nature acting through her own instrument and creation.

We can no more trace the reason why the particular genius of Plato, Bacon, and Shakespeare, for instance, was quickened by the rays of this light of nature, than we can say why one particular acorn in the forest is touched by the rays of the sun, germinates and becomes an oak, while

the millions of its fellows, existing under precisely similar conditions, have come to nothing.

But if unable to particularise we yet can generalise with certainty. Plant any collection of acorns from the forest in a nursery; ensure to them the rays of the sun and the light, eliminate the accidents of pure chance, and we know the proportion that germinates will be indefinitely increased. The comparative profusion of genius at the time of the Renaissance proves that it is precisely the same in the spiritual sphere. Truth to the budding soul is what the sun and the light are to the fertile seed. And nature is the only revelation of truth. If we are in doubt we experiment —we seek in a specific phenomenon a universal truth. And though our interpretation may sometimes be wrong as a result of a defective observation, we know that nature has never yet been known to lie. The facts and events of our cosmic history are the hieroglyphics of nature spelling out her revelation of truth. The most simple and primitive concrete facts and events are the key to the alphabet.

This is why we can interpret the laws of gravity from the fall of an apple rather than from a contemplation of the planets; the secret of victory in life from the history of flowers rather than from a learned political analysis; the enigma of genius from the generation of the acorns rather than from lives by microscopic biographers. The laws thus humbly abstracted from simple and specific examples apply with undiminished force to the more complicated phenomena which lies altogether beyond the range of our practical observation, and which are intelligible only when we have discovered the key.

This method, foreshadowed by the philosophers of ancient Greece, is the keynote of all philosophy and science. The resolution of a number of the simplest specific facts into abstract laws has enabled us to achieve the great triumphs of mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, and astronomy. Why, then, do we fail to employ the same methods in the social and political sphere? Why is no attempt made to solve their problems also, so to speak, by mathematics instead of by arithmetic. Scholasticism and dogmatism "have banged, bolted, and barred the door." It is said that where the sun is worshipped there it will be impious to study the laws of heat. A like superstition

exists in our midst, even in this nineteenth century of the Christian era. We may teach the child that his every thought and act is seen by the Almighty—not the more pregnant conception that the laws of nature are the "Chancellors of God," and that every act and thought is followed by a consequent and accumulative effect on his character and destiny. We do not convince him that the sinews of his mind can be developed like the sinews of his body. We do not train him to see the supremacy of law throughout universal history, or to trace the metamorphosis of the cause into the effect in relation to his personal experiences.

The rising generation are thus shut off almost entirely from their intellectual sun; the inspiration of thought and the settled habit of observation does not come to them; the memory is forced and the faculty of independent deliberation confined—we blame the seed and the soil, while pedantry, scholasticism, and pride upholds the culture.

Our British tradition, authority, and convention may be vastly superior to German culture. But the true standard of perfection is the standard recognised long years ago by the ancient Greek philosophers and poets: "Oh," cried Sophocles, "that my lot might lead me in the path of holy purity of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain; laws which in the highest heaven had their birth,—the power of God is mighty in them and doth not wax old," and to this aspiration Plato added the more powerful inspiration of hope: "Yet things are knowable because being from one things correspond."

It is not merely the uniformity of natural law that is the secret of victory, but a recognition of its wisdom and beauty. Progress is in the heart of nature herself—not merely in the heart of man, and the secret of its laws are at our hand—in the cosmic and racial history of the past.

As under the pressure of plagues and pestilences we remodelled our ideas of health in accordance with the dictates of nature, so under the pressure of the present catastrophe to our civilisation we must remodel in like manner our ideas of culture. Remedies, intercessions, will be of no more avail in the one case than they were in the other.

The tragic self-sacrifice of the German race for an utterly mistaken and perverted ideal of culture is, never-

theless, the highest and most pathetic testimony to the innate nobility of human nature. Let us then not contemn the ideal which can inspire such self-sacrifice, but rather let us endeavour to place before our national vision an indestructible ideal which is true and noble—an ideal which, unconfined within the limits of any dogmatic formula or creed, is based on a sustained communion with the divine spirit of beauty which lies concealed behind all natural phenomena.

This is "the adored Supreme Perfection" which has, through the instrumentality of laws intelligible to our reason, transmuted the crystal into life, life into Man, and can transmute the base metal of selfishness into the gold of self-love and social sympathy.

How wise the consummate art which by veiling Truth in nature has shielded knowledge from too ready a conquest by the intellect, and surrenders it only after a close communion with perfection, the parent of divine love and of reverence. The inspiration which shines forth like the light of heaven in the lives of all our immortals was an inspiration of the heart even more than of the intellect and drawn from nature alone. Of such was the genius of Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Goethe, Davy, Darwin, Pasteur, and Faraday. Were it not so the art of nature would tend to the metamorphosis of Man into a demon rather than after the divine image.

To generate a passion for the truth and a reverence for nature as its manifestation should be the one aim of our education and Press. At present the organs of our culture are directed rather to the stimulation of opinion, of party and of faction. Prejudice is worshipped in mistake for truth, and the flower of our manhood is sacrificed to the idol whether in war time or in peace.

In truth lies the secret of Victory—and nature is its only revelation.

# England

## By Edward Thomas

In times of peace and tranquillity the vocabulary of patriotism is not much used. The old songs are sung occasionally without question; in speeches, lectures, and leading articles, where men are licensed, the old forms are repeated. Many a man who is at all particular about meanings of words leaves alone patriotic and religious phrases, with or without a reservation that there are times when they have meant something and will mean something again. Trouble changes this. The most touching phrase of patriotism in *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* occurs where the chronicler, writing, I imagine, amid the troubles of the Conquest, records the death of Edward the Confessor. He speaks of Edward dwelling in exile while "the Danes wielded the dear realm of England." When Edward the Martyr was murdered at Corfe Castle the chronicler remarked: "Never was a worse deed done to the English than this was since they first sought Britain." If England lies like a vast estate calm around you, and you a minor, you may find faults without end. If England seems threatened you feel that in losing her you would lose yourself; she becomes plainly and decidedly "this dear realm of England"; if you are in exile you may understand how the Roman Emperor in the *Mabinogion* had Roman earth brought to Britain that he might sleep, sit, and walk upon it and keep in health. The old phrases come back alive in war-time. I have heard a farmer's wife refer to England as She. At an ordinary time Henley would say: "Beef, beer, horses, *Moll Flanders*, and the Church of England, the King, and *The Newgate Calendar*—what is there, what could there be more typically English than these?" But writing *Pro Rege Nostro* the same man saw England "with glorious eyes austere, as the Lord were walking near," and addressed her as—

> You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
> Of such teeming destinies. . . .

In print men become capable of anything. The bards and the journalists say extraordinary things. I suppose they do it to encourage the others. They feel that they are addressing the world; they are intoxicated with the social sense. But it is a curious thing that they do not talk like this in private, or I am exceptionally unfortunate in meeting the wrong sort of bards and journalists. In a newspaper a bard, and a young one, will address "The 'Nut' who did not go":—

"You're a hero bold,
My gallant son,
Though you do not hold
A soldier's gun.
For you wave a little flag
Which is quite a bally fag,
Though, perhaps, it is a 'rag'
And rather fun."

But I never happened to hear bard, journalist, clergyman, or woman using this kind of patriotic phrase in private. I have heard a man say, "The soldiers are splendid, aren't they? Aren't they all splendid?" I heard a woman say: "I don't quite know what they mean by England. Sometimes I feel proud, but more often ashamed, though certainly I can't say there is any other country to which I would rather belong." And I am not sure that love of country can go much farther in words, except under the influence of alcohol or a crowd; that is, among those who only stand and wait. It is, perhaps, curious also that I never was in company where any man or woman said that somebody else ought to enlist. When they have expressed an opinion, soldiers and civilians have said that they cannot understand anyone pointing out his duty to another. I do not conclude that "My Country" and the like are literary phrases, and that men no more use them in real life than they call their mistresses "Lady" in the style of bards of the 'nineties; but I understand the temptation to this conclusion.

While I was trying to learn from other people what they meant by "England" and "my country," I went to a friend who knows his England and is not ignorant of Europe. I did not say, "Why do you love your country?" but I must have used words to that effect. I wanted to know what he felt. Instead, he told me what he thought, now that I asked

him. He said: "What quaint idea is this? Reasons why I love England? Do I love England? If I *prefer* England I expect it is merely that I am accustomed to it, that my material welfare is bound up more or less with that of the whole country, that the greater number of beautiful sensations I have enjoyed are associated with its scenery and its people. These reasons would hold good for any other country, if I had chanced to be born elsewhere." (He carelessly forgot that if he had been born somewhere else he would have been a different person, and so on.) "In any case these reasons are not sufficient to make me conscious of any active love of England, in the sense that it would be impossible for me to be quite as happy in any other country —excepting always the loss of old associations." (He forgot to consider how much he possessed apart from associations.)

"All my material interests are here, and since the war started I have frequently been in a blue funk that I should be left destitute." (He forgot to consider how much that would matter, if associations counted for comparatively little; for his country would have provided him with food, drink, and shelter.) "So I am patriotic—in the sense that I want the Germans to be smashed.

"I am conscious most of my love of myself; that is, not self-approval, but a *constant* solicitude as to my getting and doing what I like and what I think good for me. Are not all Western people like this? We love ourselves, not our country. If I owned a bit of land I think it might make a great difference to my feelings." (Here is a chance for a landowner who wants to manufacture patriots.) "But I don't own any, and in common with the forty-four millions of the dispossessed, I know that I am never likely to. The dice are cogged against us by the capitalists and other cunning monopolists, who, in their turn, love no country but only what they own in it.

"I listened yesterday to a prosperous middle-aged man bullying a booking-office clerk, because our fast evening train from town is temporarily suspended. He was furious about it, as it would mean the loss of, say, half an hour every evening to him. What did he care that the Government wanted extra railway accommodation for a time, in order to ship troops and ammunition in huge quantities? All he

was conscious of was that his habits would be interfered with, his dinner a little late every evening.

"This man is a patriot. He says so himself. He has an immense contempt for any enemies of England, and his ignorant, blatant jingoism is an offence to any decent man who happens to share the same compartment in the train with him.

"Are there other, finer kinds of patriots? I don't know them. If by patriots we mean men who wish good to their own country at the expense of no matter what other country, I hope not. For such patriotism is only a high-sounding name for self-interest, self-preservation." (He forgot that this was what he himself was chiefly conscious of. He was capable of anything, in this mood for applying superhuman standards to everybody.) "*My* instinct is to apply to the whole world Marcus Aurelius's words: 'That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee.'

"In the present crisis I distinguish. I think the good German peoples have been mistaught and misled. Their moral standard is lower than that of their enemies; their victory would mean reaction. I want them, for the sake of the whole world, to be beaten."

I am sure nobody that he or I would bother about can question his patriotism. But he was eager to dissociate himself from sentiment which he thought false. He is a stickler for the meanings of words. "Love of England" seemed to him to mean so much that he denied it to himself and apparently to most others. Being naturally a just man he tried to be supernaturally just with his head. Fortunately I knew even more of his feelings than can be gathered from his last sentences. For example, when he was abroad, he was frequently shocked by the table manners of foreigners, and although he is not supernaturally squeamish in conversation when it is a question of amusement, I remember him condemning the French severely because they used as a technical term for a certain machine, and in print, too, a word invoking an obvious gross image. An Englishman would laugh at the image. A Frenchman was not ashamed to use it seriously, and was condemned for it by the Englishman. Also, I have heard this same man say that often he can't help feeling that our men are

the best in the field, though he is anxious not to be deceived by that sort of talk. That is to say, he prefers England and English ways when it comes to a comparison. It would not be rash to class him with the other man who said that England was a place where "one isn't forbidden to do what one wants to do or forced to do what somebody else wants," and that in spite of gamekeepers; for who ever met a landowner in a wood?

I take this to be the foundation of patriotism. It begins with security. When a woman with a child could cross the country safely patriotism began to be certain. Before that, England was "the island of Britain," "the land of the English race," rather than England, though "England" was used almost as early for this island as "Britain," and the two terms are mixed in the early Chronicle as in the authorised version of the French Yellow Book, which says: "The statement regarding the intervention of the English fleet is binding on the British Government." The poem on the Battle of Brunanburh speaks of Edward the Elder's sons defending "our land, our treasure, and our homes." In the poem on the Battle of Maldon, the earl facing the Danes with his levy says they will defend "this homeland, the country of Ethelred my prince, the people and their ground." Here already is what Wordsworth expressed for the Tyrolese:—

> The land we from our fathers had in trust,
> And to our children will transmit, or die:
> This is our maxim, this our piety;
> And God and Nature say that it is just!
> That which we *would* perform in arms—we must!
> We read the dictate in the infant's eye;
> In the wife's smile; and in the placid sky;
> And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
> Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
> Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
> Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!
> While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
> With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
> Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

By the time of the Battle of Maldon men had long possessed and often defended irreplaceable things in England. Out of England the same men would have had nothing unless they had a sword. They had begun to realise that without England they were little or nothing: that with England they were "greater than they knew,"

since, according to their strength and their affection they were part of what Milton says a commonwealth should be, "one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body." Men forgot that the English race came once upon a time to Britain and made it England. They were preparing to think of Britain as rising out of the sea at Heaven's command, with the sovereignty of the sea, as Edward the Third says in Blake's play :—

> That Heaven gave
> To England, when at the birth of nature
> She was seated in the deep; the Ocean ceased
> His mighty roar, and fawning played around
> Her snowy feet, and owned his awful Queen.

Two little things in early English history suggest England more vividly to me than bigger things. One is the very stunted hawthorn round which the battle of Ashdown mainly clashed, between the Danes and King Ethelred with his brother Alfred and the Christian host, "fighting for life, and their loved ones, and their native land." Two kings and five earls of the "pagans" fell there, says Asser, who tells the tale; and he had with his own eyes seen the tree. Incidentally I know by this that the Berkshire downtop there by the Ridgeway was no more wooded then than it is now. But above all it tells me of the making of landmarks and the beginning of historic places. Of such things has England gradually been made, not lifted at one stroke by Heaven's command out of the azure main. The other little thing is the hoar apple tree where Harold's host met the Conqueror near Hastings. Here I have a foretaste of the England of Chaucer and of Langland, who, in one book, could speak confidently of such widely separated parts of England as London, Walsingham, Banbury, and the Malvern Hills, and of so many parts of London as Cornhill, East Cheap, Shoreditch, Stratford, Tyburn, and Southwark. There was a man, half-Londoner, half-Worcestershireman, and all Englishman. Even so was Walton, three centuries later, half-Londoner, half-countryman, as he shows in many a passage like this :—"When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and as big as that which was caught in Peterborough river in the year 1667; which was a yard and three-quarters long. If you will not

believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King Street in Westminster."

Many of the early kings and earls, in the same way, were partly Kentish or Hampshire men, partly, on great occasions, Englishmen. Already, before Langland, a Gloucester man, Robert of Gloucester, had called England "merry" in his chronicle :—

> England is a right merry land, of all on earth it is best,
> Set in the end of the world, as here, all in the west.

It was the Merry England of the English people, "full of mirth and of game, and men ofttimes able to mirth and game, free men of heart and with tongue." Whether it would have seemed Merry England if Robert had been writing in Sussex or Northumberland is not certain. For I take it that England then as now was a place of innumerable holes and corners, and most men loved—or, at any rate, could not do without—some one or two of these, and loved all England, but probably seldom said so, because without it the part could not exist. The common man was like a maggot snug in the core of an apple : without apples there are no cores, he knew well, nor apples without cores. Giraldus Cambrensis put this beautifully in speaking of his birthplace, Manorbier in Pembroke. Demetia, he said, was the most beautiful as well as the most powerful part of Wales, Pembroke the finest part of Demetia, Manorbier the most delightful part of Pembroke : "it is evident, therefore, that Manorbier is the pleasantest spot in Wales."

Throughout English history you have the two elements combined inseparably, love of the place where you "have your happiness or not at all," and a more fitfully conscious love of the island, and glory in its glories. On the one hand Edward Leigh, who lived a hundred years in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, quotes at the end of his advice to travellers these words of Sir Benjamin Rudyard : "France is a good country to ride through, Italy a good country to look upon, Spain a good country to understand, but England a good country to live in." For an Englishman England was the snuggest place under the sun, and he imagined it made for him like a house. Cowper called it the Heaven-protected isle—

> Where Peace and Equity and Freedom smile,
> Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
> No crested warrior dips his plume in blood . . . .

Everything centres round such an isle. Wordsworth calls the evening star, seeing it from Calais as it sets over England, "star of my country." To Hazlitt England was the place for bells and nonsense. "Bells," he says, "are peculiar to England"; and "I flatter myself that we are almost the only people who understand and relish *nonsense*." England was, for Blake, "the primitive seat of the Patriarchal Religion": for (or therefore)—

> All things begin and end in Albion's ancient Druid rocky shore.

On the other hand, there is a more active patriotism of comparison and aggression. The patriot scorns other lands which he does not know and could not live in: he delights to discover and assert that foreigners living in different houses on different food are inferior to his countrymen. Raleigh answers the question whether the Roman or the Macedonian were the better warrior by saying: "The Englishman." But stay-at-home Englishmen treat their neighbours across the bridge or the hill not much better. The Wiltshireman says that Hampshire is where they held the pig up to see the band go by, and the Hampshireman says that Wiltshire is where they buried the donkey on his back with his feet out of the ground so that they could polish his shoes. The very villages have been honoured thus by satirical neighbours: Aldbourne in Wiltshire is where they tried to drown the moorhen, and Wroughton (I think) is where they gave the pig a watch to see when it was time to eat.

A happy nation luxuriates in its differences and distinctions, as a county does in its Selsey cockle, Chichester lobster, Arundel mullet, and Amberley trout. The people of such a nation can taste and enjoy the patriotism of another people, like the Tyrolese, or a bygone patriotism defeated in its own land, as Wordsworth did the patriotism of the ancient Britons:—

> Mark, how all things swerve
> From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
> Another language spreads from coast to coast;
> Only perchance some melancholy Stream
> And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
> When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost.

The more differences a nation has had freedom to preserve or to develop, I should say, the greater the variety

of affections it will concentrate from time to time, and as civilisation advances the more complicated will be the affections felt towards it by those who know more than one or two holes and corners, by those with the purest culture. There comes a thrill, to-day at least, on hearing so complete an Englishman as Walton say out of the fulness of his knowledge that "certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next and also to bear finer wool; . . . which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and, as certainly, if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat."

Englishmen are more different from one another than from foreigners who all seem alike: they will quarrel together like husband and wife who know one another's weaknesses yet will turn as one upon the outsider who interferes. For we have gone so far in security, and the idiosyncrasy and pride born of it, that we can criticise and attack not only one another but even the whole, which is at one time a jealous God and at another a kindly nurse; there is no need to be always blindly shouting like schoolboys at a football match.

I suppose a time comes when shouting and waving a flag is the best or only thing worth doing if you are not being shouted or waved for, when one of our national growths, men or ideas, has triumphed. For if there is a patriotism that does not lose its savour by being carried too far over the sea it is one like Milton's where he first praises "the stout and manly prowess of the German disdaining servitude; the generous and lively impetuosity of the French; the calm and stately valour of the Spaniard; the composed and wary magnanimity of the Italian," and then beholds "the nations of the earth recovering that liberty which they so long had lost; and the people of this island transporting to other countries a plant of more beneficial qualities, a more noble growth, than that which Triptolemus is reported to have carried from region to region, disseminating the blessings of freedom and civilisation among citizens, kingdoms, and nations." In time of war the differences get sunk, though still one regimental

band plays "The Lincolnshire Poacher" and another "Ap Shenkin"; and either we see or fancy some one of our virtues, our beefsteak or our liberty or our regard for small nationalities, being acknowledged in a practical manner by the enemy; or we become excessively conscious of our weaknesses, misdeeds, shortcomings, as Coleridge did when he was in fear of an invasion in 1798, or as Mr. Horatio Bottomley does in the lines:—

> Come, comrade, we must answer—and let our answer be—
> Why is the red blood flowing?—*To chasten you and me.*

But right or wrong, if it is a question of existence, it is hardly easier for a man to imagine his country beaten down than to imagine himself dead, and I have heard reasonable, anxious, and careful men say they never have any doubt that we shall win.

A writer in the *Times* on patriotic poetry said a good thing lately: "There may be pleasanter places; there is no *word* like home." A man may have this feeling even in a far quarter of England. One man said to me that he felt it, that he felt England very strongly, one evening at Stogumber under the Quantocks. His train stopped at the station which was quite silent, and only an old old man got in, bent, gnarled, and gross, a Caliban; "but somehow he fitted in with the darkness and the quietness and the smell of burning wood, and it was all something I loved being part of." We feel it in war-time or coming from abroad, though we may be far from home: the whole land is suddenly home. Wordsworth felt it in the valley near Dover immediately after landing in August, 1802, when he wrote the sonnet beginning:—

> Here on our native soil, we breathe once more.
> The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
> Of bells;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground
> In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
> Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;—
> All, all are English. . . .

Some books can give the same feeling. I took up the *Compleat Angler* the other day, and felt it there. Since the war began I have not met so English a book, a book that filled me so with a sense of England, as this, though I have handled scores of deliberately patriotic works. There, in that sort of work, you get, as it were, the shouting

without the crowd, which is ghastly. In Walton's book I touched the antiquity and sweetness of England—English fields, English people, English poetry, all together. You have them all in one sentence, where the Milkwoman, mother of Maudlin the milkmaid, is speaking to Piscator and Venator: "If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice: and then you may sit down in a haycock, and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the 'Hunting in Chevy Chase,' or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them: Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men." They are all in two sentences of Piscator's: "And now look about you and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells so sweetly, too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trout": then he quotes Herbert's—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright. . . .

This man knew England and the men who knew England best—Camden and Michael Drayton. Drayton, the author of *Polyolbion* and the ballad of Agincourt was Walton's "honest old friend." There is one other passage which I shall quote, though my subject is not the *Compleat Angler*, because it reminds us how much a man may be lord of that he does not possess. He is speaking of some fields which belonged to a rich man with many lawsuits pending, yet he who "pretended no title" to them could take a sweet content in them: "For I could sit there quietly, and looking on the water see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of various shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it fall off, and to lose their

hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth. . . ." I believe the man who thought it a "quaint" idea to love England would feel very much as I do about these passages and about Walton altogether. I believe that England means something like this to most of us; that all ideas of England are developed, spun out, from such a centre into something large or infinite, solid or aëry, according to each man's nature and capacity; that England is a system of vast circumferences circling round the minute neighbouring points of home.

# Secrecy

## By Eden Phillpotts

All Law is based on the theory of arbitration. It stands either between man and man, or between society and those who are suspected of having broken the rules of society. We have reached this point, and if men differ upon vital questions, then one no longer hires a bravo to put his opponent out of the way; he submits the matter either to the arbitrament of an authority upon which both sides agree, or, if the point at difference involves penalties and breaking of the law, the aggrieved invokes the law, or the State does so for him.

And between States, similarly, there exist the necessary machinery; but why should the machine for ever move in darkness and beyond the sight and reach of the nation that pays for it? Why, if our courts of justice are open to all men and our law is administered in public, must our diplomacy proceed by subterranean ways? Do we not lose infinitely more than we gain by such a system? The nations demand that their law and their legislation shall be unconcealed, and detest and restrict wire-pulling to the best of their power; then why should that emphatically second-rate order of minds who stand for the bulk of our diplomatic body be granted these dangerous privileges? One has only to see a little of any diplomatic staff to perceive the danger of trusting it with secrets, or permitting it any sort of power to operate unseen. A peculiar man does this work. He is well born and educated at a public school, followed by Oxford or Cambridge. Rank and privilege open his road, and noble families, when they produce a son without will power, predisposition, or any first-class ambition, invoke interest and send him to the Diplomatic Service. In the middle class, the same sort of individual becomes a curate—seldom from conviction, but generally because, having no bent or ability

of his own, he takes the line of least resistance. And to this class we commit issues of vital importance involving supreme tact, wide knowledge, utmost courage, imagination, and richness of resource. The theory is that they represent the traditions of the ruling class; but the "ruling class" has ceased to rule, and has long since denied its own tradition.

This war has for ever stultified the ways of secret diplomacy, and if the ideal of Mr. H. G. Wells can charm the nations when peace begins to be thought upon, we may hope very heartily that something great will come of it. Beginning with the Peace Conference itself, there should be no hole-and-corner intrigue and diplomacy, no private meetings of national representatives behind the backs of the rest, no signing of secret and subordinate understandings. But let us rather strain for one broad-based and universal effort made to control the nations of the earth, and so to order their progress and limit their brute force that mere might shall never again be allowed such a terrific voice in the affairs of civilisation; and no such plenary powers, as have been enjoyed by the Kaiser, ever again be vested in the hands of one human being. For to let the world's fate hang on the will of an individual, or at best upon the ambition of a "ruler" clique which may control and inspire that individual, must be to endanger the world's social progress, if not her peace; and, similarly, an all-powerful nation, at the mercy of secret diplomats, may, despite itself, become a universal menace and be driven to scourge the earth without the slightest desire to do so.

So far, at least, no lesson is learned. Under our eyes the old infamy goes on, and the Censorship is pandering to it. When sending her recent demands upon China to the Allies, Japan pressed for secrecy, even for the garbled version she let us see. And the Government of this country endeavoured, and failed, to oblige her. I suppose we all know now that Japan is out to make hay of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty; but the Foreign Office has made a deliberate effort to hide the fact from us—at Japan's wish!

Germany at this moment appears as the victim of the most formidable and unscrupulous secret diplomacy that has ever eaten like a cancer to the heart of a nation. Her foes were within her own royal palaces, and she has to

thank Prussia for her fate, not England, France, or Russia. Her own material bent offered good soil for the poison distilled at headquarters. The culture throve. Fancying herself a free country, she could yet deliver her soul and body to the Hohenzollerns and all that they stood for; suspecting herself the highest manifestation of humanity, she readily believed Prussia's assurance that it was so. She thrust her neck into the noose, and, while proclaiming her ideals supreme and her world-wide dominion inevitable, surrendered her own sacred liberty, abandoned her old watchwords, forgot her old teachers, and knelt down before the most unsocial and reactionary, the basest and most worthless idol that a great country has ever been content to worship.

Little by little her freedom was sucked away from her and her institutions prostituted. The School, the Church, the Press were all embraced by the State, all led to teach only what the Hohenzollerns desired their slaves to believe, to pray for what the Junkers intended should happen, to advance their ideals, proclaim their gods, and excuse their ambitions. Liberty of thought, without which no nation can breathe, was crushed out of the Germanic peoples, and under the condition of that semi-asphyxiation this nightmare has resulted and her struggles convulse Europe.

The secret steady strain was never loosened; the poison was poured through every intellectual channel until there rose a generation of professors and priests and publicists who had become the unconscious creatures of a predatory order probably unworthy to black their boots. But they knew it not. They had been fed so long with imperial baked meats; they relied so entirely on the imperial table that docility and obedience became a second nature to their minds; and when the crisis came, like a pack of hounds they yelped in chorus and prepared to hunt what their masters willed, whether they approved the game or no. To-day they hunt the liberty of mankind. The conscience of the nation's culture was debauched. It had surrendered its freedom of thought and its liberty of judgment; it had sacrificed its sacred birthright for a mess of pottage; and the sequel appeared in this dismal phenomena of hatred overtaking a generation of thinkers, in the spectacle of

philosophers raving, of poets cursing, of theologians seeing red.

Whatever the world may lose by the abandonment of secret diplomacy will prove but a trifle in the balance against her gain. She stands to win every way by increase of frankness; for secrecy is generally a mean thing and the child of weakness rather than strength. In most relations of life it is unsocial, if not actually sinister.

Therefore let the nations open their hearts to each other, and the more complete their frankness, so much the greater hope of peaceful settlements and the less fear of recourse to means that all men of good will recognise as evil. War should have become an anachronism in this our time, and with the annihilation of secret diplomacy and the substitution of a Universal Court, wherein all differences must of necessity be common knowledge, we should certainly find out a way to avoid war, and probably discover that differences of individual States may be automatically settled by the pressure and opinion of all States. It is reasonable to suppose that the bulk of physical power would always lie with the majority; and it is beyond dispute that a majority would never permit any resort to it. Nor, after we have reached a point when questions of national honour can be examined nationally, need there be any fear that upon honour's vital plea the sword must be drawn. Man's real honour rests in his own keeping and cannot be assailed from without. Germany's honour lies under the heel of Prussia in Belgium; but not the embattled might of the world could have tarnished it. Serbia's honour would have been saved by our Court of Nations without the digging of a grave; for such a Court will possess ample powers to uphold the honour of the least as well as the greatest; to abolish national tyranny from the face of the earth, and make strong the friends of righteousness in every future council of mankind.

# Clearness and Pertinacity

## By Austin Harrison

THERE is still a curious inability on the part of the Government to understand the German military system, which, as frequently pointed out, consists in the ruthless attainment of the object in view regardless of all other considerations, judicial, moral, or civil. In war, the Germans hold, all obligations cease, all laws are suspended, all the conditions and restrictions incidental to peace give way to violence, by which means alone decisions are reached; in plain words, war is a state of anarchy subject only to the necessities of force.

And this being the German rule of warfare, one must admit that they have at least been logical. It was announced beforehand in most of their military books. They began the war by treating Treaties like so much waste paper. In Belgium they set to work to destroy, pillage, and subjugate after the manner of Wallenstein himself, carrying off civilians as hostages, imposing terror, expropriating and appropriating precisely according to schedule and manual of their literary military preceptors. Their modes of violence have not fallen short. They bombard open towns; they declare a policy of sheer piracy; they admit that all means are justifiable; they fight like the Huns.

At the same time they are artful pirates. They induced us to agree to the terms of the Declaration of London, though we ourselves repudiated it up till the outbreak of war; and then they began to appeal to the sentimentalism of America, complaining of the "brutal" war waged by England against the German civilian population, thus seeking to embroil the States in controversy and feud with this country over the very rights of neutrality and international law which they themselves not only denounce but break on every occasion that it may please them.

People who know the Germans are not surprised. The

Germans are merely acting on their own military principles. Indeed, they have been, and are, so consistent in their procedure of conducting war on the basis of no-law and an entirely free hand that they may now be said to have established a law—the law of anarchy—on which lines they will act until peace is declared.

As the nation of Law, guided always by precedent and rule, we have found ourselves not only outdistanced but nonplussed. The Germans have succeeded in placing us in an invidious position both in regard to our own laws and notions of warfare and to those of neutral peoples. If we adhere to the Declaration of London we deprive ourselves of the powers to combat the German piracy; if we revoke our adhesion, we proclaim ourselves law-breakers. Our lawyers naturally don't like the aspersion. In either case, we are up against difficulties. The trammels of the Law are most intricate, and they make for indecision, which is the condition the Germans wish us to be in. While we cogitate, they act. Moreover, it leaves the question of neutrality open and undefined. The Americans find themselves hesitating because we are hesitating. And then it protracts things—which again is to the German advantage. All this is part of the German war attitude or *Kriegsführung*. It has led, as we know, to a halting policy on our part while allowing freedom of action to the piratical warfare of the foe.

Eight months after the war we thus still find ourselves playing for a hand, though it is quite evident that in Law the Germans possess all the trump cards, seeing that they have reduced the Law to an absurdity, themselves recognising no code or obligation. It took Mr. Asquith seven months before he denounced the web of juridical niceties which restricted the operations of our Navy, though these niceties were all of our own making, and ought to have been jettisoned piecemeal in the first week of the war. To our surprise, however, this excellent attitude of the Prime Minister yielded scant fruit. Instead of flatly denouncing all adhesion either to the Declaration of London or of Paris, the Government proclaimed another half-measure. The Order in Council extends the list of contraband, that is all. We now hear that hides and leather are contraband. At the same time we are told that the proceeds of Prize

Courts are not to be paid "until the conclusion of the war"; and that "enemy property" carried on neutral ships may be required to discharge such goods in a British port.

If this means anything definite, it denotes that enemy goods, despite Mr. Asquith's denunciation, are still not held confiscate. In law, therefore, they are still the property of the enemy, and the moneys due upon them have still to be refunded to the enemy. Still then a fiduciary situation. In reality this Order is nothing more than a fresh compromise of juridical niceties—the work of lawyers who cannot understand the exigencies of war, and find themselves unable to cope with them. Neither Blockade nor force reprisals. As usual, it represents the mean of judicial compromise according to the spirit of our law-givers. As an act of retaliation, it is weak. It settles nothing and defines nothing. Nor does it placate the Neutrals.

The lawyers will, of course, say they are doing their best. Two wrongs don't make a right, and so on, meaning that because Germany fights like a pirate that is no reason why we should. That, however, is not the point. Our business is to defeat the Germans as surely and speedily as possible in order to secure Peace. The Law itself has no power, deprived of force, which is the present condition; for force is the *ultima ratio* of the law, and as the Germans decline to accept our law, it is obvious that our policemen, for all the machinery of Westminster, cannot meet anarchy with protocols. War is the negation of Law. The Germans don't care a damn what laws we make, what Orders in Council we promulgate. They are fighting to win. They say to us, "We are going to sink as many ships of yours as we can"; and they mean it. To answer this policy by a judicial figment is folly. It is temporising with the matter. The result is we are still negotiating with America about the question, still trying to arrive at a compromise. But our polite way is not understood. America needs decisions. She has the German element to deal with. Our refusal to declare a Blockade places her in an awkward position—technically. Thus we find the absurdity of America objecting to our well-meant attempts to satisfy her. And our attitude does not help America, who would far rather we

took a definite decision. Result—more secret diplomacy, notes, explanations; whereas a little plain speaking and a firm policy would settle the pother at once, and the Germans in the States too.

The same attitude of halting compromise characterises the attitude of the Government in connection with the prisoners of war. We read the White Paper relating to the correspondence on the subject of prisoners of war with something like dismay. It opens with a peremptory demand from Berlin regarding the treatment of German prisoners, to which Sir E. Grey replies *in extenso*. The details he gives are handsome. I advise the Labour Party to study them; they will make the proletarian mouth water for the good things supplied, the care and attention lavished upon the foe. Not that there is ground for complaint on that score. It is well to hear that the Germans are decently looked after. But the dietary and care exceed what is usual. Compared with the privations endured with heroism by the men in our own New Armies, they strike anyone who saw the conditions caused by want of business organisation, want of control and attention to detail in some of our camps, as almost ludicrous, if not scandalous. Compared again with the treatment of English prisoners of war in Germany, they are offensive.

The question arises: Why have we not made a peremptory inquiry through American channels as to the treatment of our own unhappy prisoners? So far the Government professes ignorance on the matter. But indirectly a good deal is known. Those who know the Germans hardly need to be told.

There is no Donington Hall for our officers in Germany. We may be sure that only the barest care is bestowed upon our men. Mr. Tennant admitted (February 11th) that there was reason to believe that British prisoners were ill-treated, qualifying it with the proviso that "common knowledge ought not to guide a Government Department." That was over a month ago. But still there is no report. So far as is known, the Government have failed to verify what it chooses to style "common knowledge," though admitting the fear of its correctness. It is not a satisfactory attitude. Now that we know that the Germans do not shrink from making war

on mercantile sailors and fishermen, our apathy would seem incomprehensible. The public has the right to demand an explanation of such apparent callousness. For we are faced with no ordinary circumstances of war. However splendid our Biblical serenity may appear to us here, it will not help our unfortunate soldiers in Germany. Nor are the Germans an ordinary foe. They set out to conquer, as an exodus of race. Checked and baffled, they are now fighting for life preservation. They know no scruples, no rules, no law, no precedent. They mean to win or go down. In the process scant attention will be given to their prisoners, who ultimately may become a source of serious embarrassment to them. If Germany starves, the prisoners will starve first. Always they will suffer first, and our men first of all. We must consider that. It is not a matter we can afford to treat with indifference.

The question should be taken up now through the Americans, and before the world. As time goes on, the subject may become a matter of world-wide responsibility. No nation at war has ever had so many prisoners as the Germans now possess—there are probably something like 700,000 of them. These men have to be fed and guarded. I hesitate to think what may happen to these luckless prisoners if the Germans are driven in within their own frontiers and the Allies ever come to fighting on German soil, which, it would seem, must be the case if the Allies are to secure a satisfactory peace. Pirates at sea, they will be bandits on land. They will give no mercy and expect none. At bay, the Huns may be expected to fulfil their destiny in more ways than one.

I think the Government should take immediate action. First, it should institute a strict inquiry through the American Embassy; secondly, it should proclaim Germany's responsibility for her prisoners as the concern of civilisation at large. We should state our attitude on the point. The Germans should be given to understand that they will be held responsible for the lives of all prisoners of war at the bar of humanity. And we should announce precisely what reprisals the Allies will take in the event of Germany's non-fulfilment of this human duty. Those reprisals might take various forms. First and foremost, the lives of the Emperor and his Generals should be held in

trust. An argument of this nature would tell, and it is the only argument that the Germans understand. They should be given to understand it now—before it is too late.

We are accustomed to cheerful, unbusiness-like methods, but Mr. Macnamara's revelation that £86,000 a month have been spent on the hire of the nine ships utilised for the internment of prisoners or aliens is almost a record even for us. Coming on the top of Donington Hall, it takes away one's breath. After all, it is the public's money that is being thus squandered. These dramatic disclosures reveal our amateurish methods in an unwholesome light, and set a bad example to the community.

The levity in this country is the bewilderment of Europe. At the very time that our war with the Germans is about to begin—and during the summer months we shall be fighting on a larger scale than we have ever fought before in the whole of our history—the chief questions would seem to be whether we are to race as usual and how many yards of stuff the women's new skirts are to be composed of. Levity, of course, is a form of swank. Very particularly, it is our English way. In part it is our tradition. Nor is it by any means the fault of the public.

The Censorship stifled the Press to such an extent that in its own despite it has now got to encourage newspapers to "speak out." Our optimism has led to its inevitable negation. Workmen don't see why they shouldn't strike if the war is virtually over; the public is only too eager to get back to the happy days of insular self-satisfaction. With the Government throwing away money on prisoners as if they had positively deserved well of the State, Englishmen rather naturally resent interference with their ordinary mode of life. We have arrived at that curious stage when the very authorities who ordered optimism now feel constrained to bid us "grouse" a little, seeing that very terrible trials lie still before us.

They certainly do. Our fighting may be said to have begun with the gallant battle at Neuve Chapelle. In June, round about Derby Day and Ascot, the loss of life may be expected to exceed anything recorded in our history. If we choose that moment to show off the new frocks, it is our affair, of course, but it is not calculated to please our Allies, because it gives a wrong impression. That is the

real argument against our levity. France to-day is a country of sullen action and determination. The whole French spirit has changed, hardened into grim resolve. Indeed, the French are the English in this war; we have been carrying on after the manner of the conventional Frenchman. For that the Censorship is to blame.

In war, the incalculable is apt to defeat all anticipation. It may at any moment. The Kaiser may die, in which case the Commanding Generals would be in the possession of power, and, on political grounds, they might sue for peace. Various things may happen, but at present it is not wise to count upon them. As things are, only desperate fighting will drive the Germans back—fighting on a scale hitherto unknown in Europe. Progress in all probability will be slow. The stories we hear of German starvation are merely German bluff. As for the three million losses we are regaled with, we must remember this: Forty per cent. of those hit return to fight; the actual deaths are relatively small. Personally, I think we greatly exaggerate the numbers of Germans placed *hors de combat.* We must reckon with a good seven million fighting men, of whom possibly two million, one way or another, have been hit and probably over a million of them disabled from military usefulness. The remainder are very brave: they will fight. Unless the unforeseen occurs, I can see no prospect of any early return to peaceful conditions.

It is for that reason that England has now to become a workshop of war, working singly as a business. All our energies and economic resources are required in the struggle, all that we have to give in the way of physical force and war material. Not only have we got to drive the Germans out of France, but we have to expel them from Belgium, and when that is done we shall have to begin again. To begin the invasion of Germany herself. Militarily, our difficulties will be proportionately increased as those of the Germans fighting behind their own lines of fortifications, behind their strategic railways, fired, too, with the spirit of self-defence, will lessen both as regards supply and communication.

Desperate fighting in German territory is no novelty to the Germans. Their history teems with defensive wars waged on German soil. To the Germans, the Fatherland

means something quite particularly sacred. The idea that they will yield up their territory, abandon the spoils that Bismarck and Moltke gave them, without a death struggle, may be dismissed as well-nigh inconceivable. There is a splendid, however mistaken, nobility in the German spirit of war, which will steel them to unparalleled effort and sacrifice. To anticipate a sudden collapse is to misread the German character, to ignore German history. Probably at this moment the entire German people feel confident in ultimate success; confident because defeat is to the unimaginative German mind unthinkable. The German religion since Sedan is victory. They came to believe in it because they have been taught as a nation to regard themselves as of a sterner stuff than other peoples, capable of greater achievements and sacrifices, united with a hardier spirit of determination. They knew the risk when they set out to conquer—they took it to a man. Such a people are not likely to "crack" at the first sign of disaster. There are no moral forces in the country able or calculated to impede the machinery of war which the Germans treat as their national business. It is their strength. They believe in it, and they believe in themselves. The war, the offensive war on the part of the Allies, is beginning. If we are to win we shall have to give proof of superior force, organisation, and attack; for decisions will not be obtained through attrition, or even through our great superiority in economic power.

All half-measures against the Germans are useless. In the question of retaliation our course is plain. It is to fight Germany as she fights us, by land and sea and air with all the forces at our disposal, by all the means calculated to push home our ascendancy. We have been far too listless and lenient in the matter of contraband and shipping. All this must stop. We have now got to look on this war as the single business concern of Empire, resolved to fight, like France, at full strength. Only so can we bring to bear upon our foe the pressure necessary for victory, which also must be decisive.

Our workmen should be told that they are helping just as much as their comrades in the field, and they should be encouraged to take pride in the responsibility. Though we still play among ourselves, we can no longer afford to

play with Germany, who is in bitter earnest. The evil that the Censorship has done should be set right now by the Press, which has shown itself too amenable to inefficient authority. Stupendous things have yet to be suffered by the nation, by those who fight and by those who work here at home. The need now is of a single purpose and a common understanding.

This we cannot have without light. We must have it. Likewise the Government must be clearly given to understand that the public feels just anxiety about the treatment of English prisoners and resentment at the waste of money and misplaced magnanimity shown here to the Huns. We should proclaim to the world our attitude on the question, and publicly hold the heads of the Kaiser and his Princes and Generals responsible. If we don't, we may have bitter cause before long of regret.

There are two qualities which the Germans pride themselves on—clearness of aim and pertinacity; they must be held to possess them. We have, no doubt, a greater pertinacity, but clearness is not a national characteristic, and cannot be in a country of individualism. Those who know the Germans, and realise the stupendous power, organisation, resources, and singleness of direction of the German war machine, cannot but view with alarm our dilatory methods and afternoon way of joining in the "grand international final," as one of our advertisements call the war, our magnificent aloofness which after eight months of fighting advertises for a Cromwell to conduct the State. It is this that the Americans cannot understand. Our soldiers live like dogs in Germany; here we electrify a country residence to light the German officers to bed. The pirates sink our ships at sight; we cannot yet bring ourselves to declare a Blockade. We placard the walls for men, while opinion tells us it will all be over by June. We read the appalling casualty lists, and the workmen strike for higher wages. The public here think America is behaving badly, whereas America is helping us all she can, and wants to help us to win, if only our Government can make up its mind to place the question of contraband and Blockade on a definite basis. And so it goes on, because of our want of national clearness of aim and direction. Our answer to the German "Hymn of Hate" is to widen women's skirts—*i.e.*,

to spend more money; while noble Lords write to the Press in favour of horse-racing. The other day a sailor said to me: "Yes, some of us wish we were Germans, so little do our countrymen on shore seem to care."

Paradox can go no further. But paradox won't crush Germany, and the sooner we attain to her clearness, the sooner will our inherent pertinacity prevail.

# Who Killed Francis Ferdinand?

By L. Cecil Jane

On June 28th, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir-presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were assassinated in the streets of Sarajevo. A secret court-martial, instituted by the Austrian Government, afterwards declared that its investigations proved the crime to have been planned at Belgrade, and to be the outcome of a widespread political agitation of which the Serbian Government had cognisance, and which it had rather encouraged than the reverse. The famous ultimatum to Serbia followed, and Europe soon found itself in the midst of a general conflict.

The crime of Sarajevo, therefore, appears to possess a certain permanent importance. If the findings of the secret inquiry are accepted, a group of fanatical agitators supplied at least the occasion of the war, and the dark history of Serbia assumes a still more sinister complexion. If, on the other hand, those findings cannot be accepted, the reputation of an undoubtedly gallant people has been foully slandered.

The mere fact that the inquiry was secret creates a certain presumption against it, and this presumption is strengthened by other circumstances. At the time of the court-martial Austria and Serbia were, in diplomatic language, on friendly terms, and to have published proofs of Serbian complicity would have been highly indiscreet. But this objection to publicity has since been removed. The two countries are at war, and there can be no indiscretion in exposing the perfidy of a declared enemy.

All the arguments, indeed, are now in favour of the widest publication. Austria has been generally blamed for the peremptory tone of her ultimatum. She could put forward no better defence than proof that she was carried away by righteous anger at the complicity of the Serbian

Government in a peculiarly atrocious crime. But though the Allies have been accused of taking up arms to save a band of truculent murderers from well-merited punishment, no attempt has been made to justify this accusation. The crime has been cleverly "reconstructed"; yet no proofs of Serbian responsibility were produced. Those proofs may be preserved in the archives of Vienna, but the more the crime is considered, the more probable does it become that the murder was not planned at Belgrade, but elsewhere.

Many persons had reasons for desiring the death of Francis Ferdinand. He was a man of admittedly strong personality, with an iron will and even an obstinate nature. His pertinacity was proved by his marriage. Despite the persuasions of his family, despite weighty political considerations, he refused to abandon the woman whom he loved. The Duchess of Hohenberg was not of royal blood; both by Habsburg family law and by the express solemn renunciation of her husband, she was debarred from ever becoming Empress of Austria, and her children were deprived of all rights of succession to the imperial crown. But Hungarian, like English, law knows no half-marriage. A woman is a man's wife, or she is not. The issue of a union are legitimate in the fullest sense or are entirely illegitimate. On the death of Francis Joseph the Duchess would have become Queen of Hungary; her eldest son would have become heir to the Hungarian throne. The Archduke's marriage thus created a situation of extreme delicacy.

And the situation was complicated by the political views of Francis Ferdinand. For nearly forty years dualism has subsisted; Germans and Magyars have combined to hold down the other races of the monarchy. This system failed to secure the Archduke's support. He advocated trialism, or even federalism; he wished that equal political rights should be granted to the Slavs. During the Balkan wars he was said to aspire to the headship of a vast confederacy which should include the dominions of the Habsburgs and the members of the Balkan League. The thought of an empire in which Germans and Magyars together would have been only a weak minority was naturally hateful to the two ruling races.

And this hatred may well have been mingled with fear. Francis Ferdinand was no weakling. By sheer force of character he had practically displaced the old Emperor. He had compelled the adoption of army reforms; he had prepared the way for the creation of a powerful navy. That he would solve the racial problem in his own way was likely enough.

His attitude towards foreign policy was equally embarrassing. A devout Catholic, he regarded the Italian kingdom with all the aversion of a Pio Nono. The fortifications of the Trentino and of Istria were strengthened under his direction; the forces on the frontier of Italy were increased. Rumour declared that he desired to restore the temporal dominion of the Papacy, if necessary by force of arms. In any case, his accession boded ill for the duration of the Triple Alliance.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that he had many enemies. But those enemies were hardly the Slavs, for whose rights he contended. It might be argued that, if his ideas had prevailed, all hope of a greater Serbia would have been destroyed. Such an argument, however, is somewhat far-fetched. The Serbs were not prepared for immediate war. To remove Francis Ferdinand was to leave the way clear for those who advocated and who were carrying through the Germanisation and the Magyarisation of the southern Slav districts; to make it probable that when Serbia was ready to strike, the national spirit upon which she was bound to rely would have been extinguished.

And if the enemies of Francis Ferdinand must be sought elsewhere than in Belgrade, they are not the less easy to find. Austria-Hungary is notoriously a conservative country; the keynote of her policy has for a century been the maintenance of the *status quo*. The Archduke's ideas were almost revolutionary; wholly antipathetic to those who believed in Dualism and the Triplice. Magyars and Germans opposed them, as they had opposed Francis Joseph when he wished to grant autonomy to Bohemia.

Francis Ferdinand came into still more violent conflict with his family. The Habsburgs have never been conspicuous for their humility. It was gall and wormwood to the archducal crowd when the heir to the throne married a lady whose family was not even numbered among the

"Eighty." The undeniable beauty and charm of the Duchess increased the bitterness with which she was regarded. Hatred grew with every honour that the Archduke extorted for his wife, and those honours were many. A camarilla of archduchesses had acquired a large measure of control over the enfeebled mind of the old Emperor, and never wearied of complaining that they were compelled to endure the presumption of a mere Duchess of Hohenberg. Francis Joseph, seeking rest in his extreme age, had no reason for loving his heir, whose whole conduct was disturbing. Torn between dread of his masterful nephew and dread of his equally masterful daughter, the Emperor inclined to lament that, contrary to expectation, Francis Ferdinand's foreign tour had ended in his recovery of health.

But the Archduke's greatest enemy was perhaps William II., German Emperor. The relations between these two men form a peculiarly interesting study. At one time they were almost open enemies. Sent to represent Austria at the German army manœuvres, Francis Ferdinand remained for the briefest possible time, was barely polite to his host, and spurned all tentative advances. But suddenly a complete change occurred. William II. visited the Archduke in his shooting-box. The two became apparently bosom friends. The Duchess of Hohenberg was granted royal honours at Potsdam. At Vienna a State banquet, to which she had not been invited, was delayed by the German Emperor's special request that she might attend. Curious observers noticed that the delay was extremely short; the Duchess speedily appeared in an elaborate Court dress, and it was suspected that the invitation had not been wholly a surprise to her.

Explanations of the *volte face* were eagerly canvassed. One suggestion of considerable plausibility was put forward. William II. and Francis Ferdinand both possessed strong personalities; their ideas upon political questions differed. Germany could not desire the destruction of Teutonic-Magyar supremacy and of the Triple Alliance, the depression of her "natural ally," the Turk, and the exaltation of her natural enemy, the Papacy. These catastrophes seemed likely to follow the accession of Francis Ferdinand; to prevent their occurrence was the aim of

William II. And he made use of the only means which he could employ: the Archduke's love for his wife and the jealous care for her reputation. A bargain was struck. William II. was to use his great influence over Francis Joseph to secure the elevation of the Duchess of Hohenberg to royal rank. In return, Francis Ferdinand was to support German ideas of foreign policy.

But even so, the union of two such natures could not be cordial. William II. designed that Austria should be his subordinate ally. Francis Ferdinand was unlikely to accept such subordination. The interest of Germany demanded that a more pliant tool should reign at Vienna, and, whatever else may be true of the German Emperor, there is no reasonable doubt that he is devoted to the real or imagined interest of his country.

To many, then, the murder of the Archduke was at least a mitigated disaster. Granted one circumstance, it was to some an unmitigated blessing. If Germany had decided that "*der Tag*" had dawned, if she was in any case resolved upon war, the disappearance of Francis Ferdinand was almost a *sine quâ non*. It would remove a dangerous difficulty in the event of the death of Francis Joseph during the course of the war. For if the old Emperor died and his nephew succeeded, the complicated succession question might at once be raised, and that, if it did no worse, would diminish the value of the Austrian alliance. The cry in the war was to be the danger of Slavism; it was highly inconvenient that the practical ruler of Austria-Hungary should be at least a supposed pro-Slav. The maintenance of the Triple Alliance was an obvious desideratum; Italy could hardly be expected to join heartily in a campaign to be fought in conjunction with an almost open enemy. The conduct of the war was to be in the hands of the German General Staff. Francis Ferdinand was an enthusiastic soldier; he was most unlikely to accept the orders of Berlin. Guided by him, Austria would have demanded a more equal share in the conduct of the operations; she would never have been content, as she has been content, with German praises of her capacity for self-abnegation.

Almost every day it becomes clearer that Germany did not enter upon the present war in obedience to some

sudden impulse. Her plans were carefully prepared; so far as she might, she took every precaution to ensure success, and she selected the moment when her victory appeared to be most certain. But the Germans are nothing if not thorough. In the path of the realisation of their plans stood Francis Ferdinand, not because he was necessarily averse from war, but because he had an independent mind, because he would never have permitted his country to become an appanage of the Hohenzollern crown. His removal alone could make the success of the German schemes really probable. National thoroughness suggested the necessary course of action. A suspicion arises that an event so opportune was not a mere coincidence.

And when it is remembered that the death of Francis Ferdinand was not inacceptable to the controlling influences at Vienna, the nascent suspicion grows stronger. The old Emperor on personal grounds, the Imperial family on social grounds, the statesmen on political grounds, tended to desire some other heir to the throne. They were not disinclined to sympathise with the wishes of William II. There is at least ground for the suggestion that the true author of the crime of Sarajevo should be sought not in Belgrade, but in Berlin; that the assassination of Francis Ferdinand was no more than the fitting prelude to the murder of unarmed civilians in Belgium and England; that it is, in fact, one more of those crimes for which Wilhelm Hohenzollern is to be held responsible, for the commission of which he must one day be called to account.

# Pâques en Belgique

## By Emile Cammaerts

Les merles et les pinsons
Chantent la Résurrection,
Le jardin fleure l'encens,
L'encens des fleurs nous grise.
C'est Pâques, mes enfants,
Il fait clair, il fait bon,
C'est Pâques, c'est le printemps,
Au jardin comme à l'église
Et à Bruxelles comme sur le front

Chélidoines, primevères,
Jacinthes bleues, chatons gris,
Tout pousse, tout fleurit.
C'est le printemps, mes frères,
Les bourgeons craquent au bord des nids
Et les ruisseaux murmurent leur prière
A l'ombre du Calvaire.
C'est Pâques, c'est la Résurrection
Au jardin comme à l'église,
L'encens des fleurs nous grise
A Bruxelles comme sur le front.

Je sais où trouver nos premières jonquilles
—C'est en Ardennes, près d'Houffalize—
Je sais où les muguets tinteront dans la brise,
Où les anémones soulèvent déjà les feuilles,
Et où les perce-neiges, comme des petites filles,
Dansent en rond
Sur un talus, près de St. Trond.

Je sais les peupliers
Où les merles vont siffler,
Et les hautes futaies
Où les biches se poursuivent.
Je sais les étangs

Où les rossignols chantent,
Et les saules rougeoyants
Où sautillent les mésanges.
Je sais les buissons
Et je connais les branches,
J'épie les bourgeons
Et je suis, dans l'air bleu, le premier papillon.
Mais c'est l'herbe surtout, l'herbe qui sera belle,
Plus verte, plus grasse, plus haute que jamais,
L'herbe de l'Yser, l'herbe immortelle
Où nos vaches bientôt enterreront leurs jarrets,
L'herbe éclatante, l'herbe divine
Où renaîtra l'âme de nos morts,
L'herbe où, sur leurs mille poitrines,
Fleuriront mille boutons d'or.

C'est Pâques ! le canon tonne
Et les moustiques dansent,
C'est Pâques ! les choeurs entonnent
L'hymne de délivrance.
—Nous briserons nos chaînes
Comme Tu brisas Ta tombe,
Nous conquerrons nos plaines
Comme Tu conquis la mort—
C'est Pâques ! les obus sifflent
Dans l'air printanier.
C'est Pâques ! et le vent souffle
Sur le ciel purifié.
C'est Pâques ! et sur nos croix
Nos oiseaux vont chanter.
C'est Pâques ! et l'herbe croit—
Christ est ressuscité !

# Books

## ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Schools of Mediæval England. By A. F. Leach. Methuen. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Lighter Side of School Life. By Ian Hay. T. N. Foulis. 5*s.* net.

Mr. Leach has given us a fine piece of work, well illustrated, and furnished with a noble index; a book that testifies to loving research; a book that will last. How strangely they read at this distance of time—these records from the old school-life of England! Open the book where you like, and you will find a mine of information both curious and suggestive—suggestive because it lays bare the roots of our present educational system, and so helps to explain the modern Englishman's attitude towards life in general. We are delighted also with Mr. Ian Hay's sketches; they are altogether charming. What he does not know about present-day schoolboys and their masters is obviously not worth knowing. The coloured illustrations are exactly fitted to a book like this, and the publisher deserves particular commendation for the attractive way in which it has been got up.

Book of This and That. By Robert Lynd. Mills and Boon. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

In a cheery and comfortable spirit, expressed in a neat if somewhat essayish form, Mr. Lynd descants upon many things in this little book, and shows himself to be an elegant writer. One reads the volume with pleasure; every now and then one entirely agrees with the author; sometimes we feel he is touching on the truths of life, and then we get annoyed. We get annoyed because Mr. Lynd writes from a priggish standpoint. His little discussion on dancing shows how unable he is as yet to feel the moving forces of life. But enough of criticism. Mr. Lynd is still a young man, and will attain to a more mellow depth. All the same, this exhibition of literary skating is jocund and attractive.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Cassell.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

ONCE more Russia, and once more that literary itinerant, Mr. Stephen Graham, looking very beautiful in his photograph in Russian furs and head-dress. At the present time this book is welcome, for we know comparatively little of the Russians, and Mr. Graham is unquestionably one of the few Englishmen who have pierced to the heart of that very remarkable race. He deals lightly with many subjects and many phases of Russian civilisation, and on the whole his opinions reveal common sense and always a sensitive reflection of the Russian spirit. This is the merit of the book. At times one is inclined to be irritated at Mr. Graham's pose as the modern Christian pilgrim. He is perhaps inclined to over-estimate the holiness of Holy Russia. But this is a useful book deserving wide publicity.

## THEOLOGY

THE BIBLE AND THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE. By WILLIAM CANTON. (Dent.) 5*s.* net.

THE SOURCES OF THE MORALITY OF THE GOSPELS. By JOSEPH MCCABE. (Watts and Co.) 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS war is producing its inevitable effect upon the British mentality. Most of us are learning to turn our eyes outwards for a change; to discard dreams and theorisings, and confront facts as they are—to cultivate what a French psychologist has called the *function of the real.* But a certain proportion are affected in another manner; they look inwards for motives and results; they become more introspective than ever. There has unquestionably been an ominous recrudescence of literature on matters such as faith-healing, mysticism, the "spiritual life," and similar subjects, the grotesqueness of whose demands on the imagination is sufficient to account for their success in certain quarters. After pointing out their undeniable interest as social documents, the reviewer has no further use for such outpourings; they are the froth, the scum, of speculative thought.

It is otherwise with books like Mr. Canton's *Bible and the Anglo-Saxon People*, which was written, for all we can tell, before the war began, but is peculiarly apposite at

the present moment. Here is a book that makes one pause and ponder. The author obviously holds a brief for the Word of God; he does not stay to examine the reverse of the medal and it would require, indeed, a volume of at least equal size to enumerate all the horrors for which bibliolatry is responsible—the myriads of innocent lives which have been sacrificed both under the general inspiration of the Bible and at the bidding of particular texts, such as "Compel them to enter in," "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," etc.

Beware of the man of one book. Beware of the nation of one book. Such a condition may be a pillar of strength in early stages of social development, but, if persisted in, will inevitably lead to a kind of arterio-sclerosis. So the ancients ended in completely fuddling their brains with Homer; so the Arabs, hypnotised by the Koran, gradually lost all the golden humanity of pre-Islamitic days.

What makes the work of Mr. Canton, then, so suggestive, is that it forces one to consider how it ever came about that a quaint miscellany of Semitic lore and maxims, suffused with all the extravagant coloration of the "Arabian Nights," was enabled to graft itself firmly upon an alien nationality like ours and to influence our whole character and outlook. How came it about? Well, one must note that the Bible has always been regarded as an exotic among Greco-Latin races; these Mediterranean folks find its whole trend, its doctrinal tone, antagonistic to those notions of equanimity and moderation which, however disregarded in practice, have ever been held up among them as theoretically desirable. Herein lies the solution of the enigma: it is a question of racial temperament. The Latin lacks what we possess—an elective affinity with the spirit of the Book of Books. Northern people, whether from climatic or other causes, are prone to extremes. The Bible is essentially a book of extremes. That is the case in a nutshell, stated, it is true, with a certain bald air of finality which succinctness is apt to entail. The Goth or Anglo-Saxon has taken kindly to the Bible because, according to his abruptly varying moods, he has always been able to discover therein exactly what he wanted—authority for every grade of emotional conduct, from ferocious vindictiveness to the most abject self-abasement. One thing he would never have found, had he cared to look for it—an incitement to live the

philosophic life of reason, to keep his mind chaste, and strive after intellectual honesty and self-respect. That is why, during our nightmarish Middle Ages, when the oscillations of individual and national life were yet abrupter—when, therefore, those classical qualities of *ne nimis* were more than ever at a discount—the Bible got such a firm hold upon us. Our conservatism, our reverence for established institutions, has done the rest.

We have learnt to *mediterraneanize* ourselves somewhat, since those days; to discriminate with greater candour and truthfulness between what is right and what is wrong. Our mental texture has become saner and more stable. Consequently, we are outgrowing the perverse and immature morality of the East; and so far has the change already progressed, that our scholars no longer trouble either to defend or to controvert those freak-virtues which constitute the epitome, the key-stone, of Oriental ethics; they do what is more to the point: they explain them, laying bare their origins in the domains of human history and psychology. Of such investigations Mr. McCabe's book is an excellent example. It is written with dispassionate clarity; one hesitates whether to admire more the author's patient and scholarly research, or the temperate tone which informs his whole exposition. He discusses the ethical conceptions of older races—of the Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Greeks, and Romans—and shows to what extent Christianity is indebted to from them. An instructive chapter entitled "Parallels to the Teaching of Christ" will prove (to any reader capable of appreciating evidence) how it stands with the claim of the New Testament to have brought new elements of moral idealism into the world. The book should be perused in conjunction with that of Mr. Canton; they are complementary to one another, and we warmly recommend everyone to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest both of them.

## TRAVEL

OLD CALABRIA. BY NORMAN DOUGLAS. (Secker.) 15*s.* net.

I DO not know of any book which could easily be compared to Mr. Douglas's *Old Calabria*. I have read his previous books, *Siren Land* and *Fountains in the Sand*, and in both of them he took us into old-world regions and showed them under a perspective—as he had seen them. But this book

is more thorough; the translation into a strange, fascinating world is more drastic, and wholly absorbing. Travel, as rendered by Mr. Douglas, is a fine art, and every art, we know, has its antecedents and its tradition. The true literature of travel started with the *Odyssey*, and finds echoes in Herodotus, and degenerated into ungarnished records like the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. In Christian Europe it revived again, and in the travels of Marco Polo and Hakluyt's Voyages we have something to compare with epic and ballad poetry. But the later literature of travel, whenever it has been literature at all, has been forced under a comparison or contrast with George Borrow. Borrow gave us the country in which he travelled, the inhabitants with whom he conversed, the folklore and the scraps of history which he collected, and a deal of himself.

Mr. Douglas also gives us these things, but he is not in the least like George Borrow, or any of those—Stevensonians and others—who have followed in his steps. There is perhaps one book, and one only, with which *Old Calabria* may be justly compared, and that is Samuel Butler's *Alps and Sanctuaries*. Butler is concerned with the North of Italy, just as Mr. Douglas is concerned with its extreme south. He, too, wandered about at random, walking, driving, talking, dining, speculating about religion, philosophy, art, and history, turning up the casual treasures of towns and villages and using them as the substance and object of divine curiosity. This is what Mr. Douglas has done, but it makes all the difference in the world that the curiosity which he turns upon these ancient, dusty, history-crammed places is not that of Butler, but entirely that of Mr. Douglas. It is quite likely that the latter has never read *Alps and Sanctuaries*. He has read so many books read by no one else in the world that he can hardly know also the books which one is supposed to have read. But in any case Mr. Douglas's affinity to Butler, so far as it goes, is temperamental. He has the bump of veneration for things beautiful, curious, hoary, but it is seared by the knowledge that humbug is common to all mankind; and so the most serious mood ends always in a grin, and ecstasy would be too much like Mr. Ruskin if untempered with cynicism.

The country was no doubt the more attractive to Mr. Douglas in that it is almost unknown to his countrymen. "I have not yet encountered a single English traveller during my frequent wanderings over South Italy," and in

San Demetrio he was told that "within the memory of living man no Englishman has ever entered the town." "The adventurous type of Anglo-Saxon," he explains, "probably thinks the country too tame; scholars, too trite; ordinary tourists, too dirty." Yet it has been a much-trodden ground. The Greeks of old knew this country by heart. At Venosa, in the "land of Horace," the author observes that "a good deal of old Roman blood and spirit seems to survive." The Saracens, too, have left their mark on the land, and in the region of San Demetrio an Albanian population is still recruited from the other side of the Adriatic, and we may see there the tomb of Girolamo de Rada, "a flame-like patriot in whom the tempestuous aspirations of modern Albania took shape . . . the Mazzini of his nation." Everywhere there are shrines, and cathedrals, and castles, and monuments of great men whose deeds have been forgotten in proportion as their sanctity has increased. Mr. Douglas does his duty by all the antiquities, but sometimes he sympathises with the iconoclasm of a gentleman who remarked: "Our country, dear Sir, is *encrusted* with old castles and other feudal absurdities, and if I had the management of things . . ." Calabria, one supposes, would almost welcome a German invasion.

But a German invasion, it seems, did actually begin some time ago. The author describes some of the walks which he once took among the hills and luxuriant woodlands of the Greater Sila. "You may still find the legendary shepherds here—curly-haired striplings, reclining *sub tegmine fagi* in the best Theocritean style, and piping wondrous melodies to their flocks. . . . Or you may encounter yet more primitive creatures, forest boys, clad in leather, with wild eyes and matted locks, that take an elvish delight in misdirecting you. These are the Lucanians of old." But later, when he returns to this region: "I am glad my path to-day did not lead me to Gariglione, and so destroy old memories of the place. For the domain, they tell me, has been sold for 350,000 francs to a German company; its primeval silence is now invaded by an army of 260 workmen, who have been cutting down the timber as fast as they can." It is the same thing again and again; near Morano the hill forests "have lately been sold to a German firm for exploitation." The scenery, the climate, even the character of the people, are being affected by the wholesale destruction of the forests.

Mr. Douglas has re-created this country of Calabria—its towns, villages, hills, rivers, coasts, monuments, restaurants, and, above all, people—shaping it in the guise in which it appeared to him in his leisurely journeys, interpreting it in terms of his own philosophy and very agreeable prejudices. He can write. He may be saying the bitterest things in the world, but the result is sweet to the ear and refreshing to the imagination. His mind is well stored in the history and literature of Italy, and, in the picture he gives, whole armies of real and legendary figures start up behind his vivid and human foreground. A delightful and surely a memorable book.

R. A. Scott-James.

Arabia Infelix. By G. Wyman Bury. Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Many travel books are too big, but this one is unquestionably too small. It is really a pity that an author who knows his subject so thoroughly and who can describe things with such a rare personal touch should have endeavoured to condense his experiences into what reads (in part) almost like a Blue Book. Why this frenzy of conciseness? We want every one of its chapters expanded into the size of the whole volume. In this respect his admirable "Land of Uz" was slightly better, but even that book left an unsatisfied taste in the mouth, a longing for more; and we can only hope that a third instalment will presently appear in which Mr. Bury will really let himself go and allow us to appreciate more fully his fine qualities as writer, naturalist, explorer, and administrator. For he has an all-round zest of life, and a sanity of outlook that is uncommonly refreshing.

Note.—Through inadvertence a misprint occurred in the title of a book we reviewed in our March issue: *Rain Before Storm* should read *Rain Before Seven.* By Eric Leadbitter. (G. Allen and Unwin.) 6*s.*

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